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Comic Captain Britain (2002) information

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FROM THE WEB

Laura From 'Family
Matters' is 43 Now
and an Absolute
Bombshell



Lex From 'Jurassic
Park' is an Absolute
Bombshell Today at
39

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CAPTAIN BRITAIN

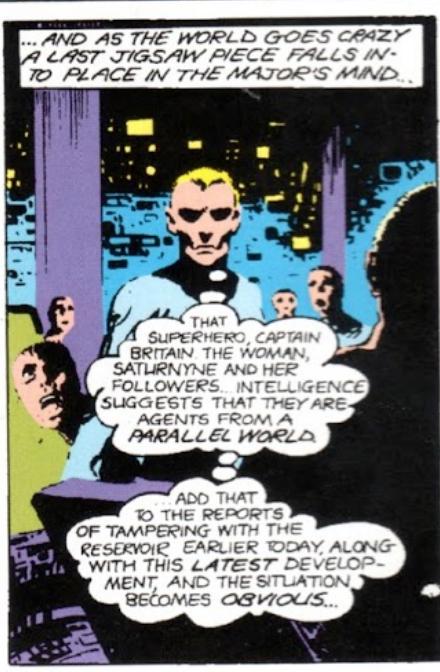
TM



ALAN MOORE ALAN DAVIS

ALAN DAVIS + VILLARRUBIA



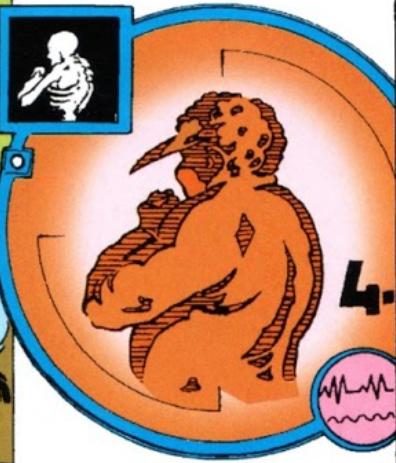








NUISANCE DISTRACTION



A GLAND OZES A CIRCUIT IS COMPLETED...



DIMPLES! IT KILLED HIM! IT KILLED HIM!



NUISANCE DISTRACTION





IT IS FLESH. IT IS METAL.
IT IS A CYBOTE. IT IS
CALLED THE FURY.
IT KILLS. SLIPER-
HEROES IT IS FAST,
CLEVER, LETHAL,
INVULNERABLE.

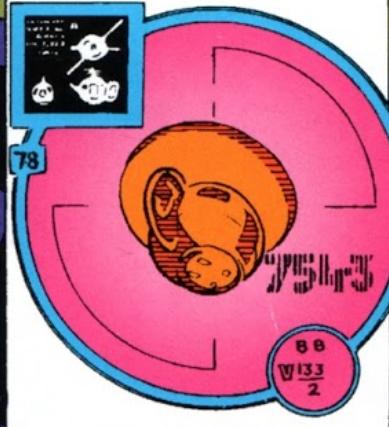


NOT EVEN WHEN THE
ALTERNATE EARTH,
IT WAS CREATED TO
PROTECT, GOES HORRIBLY
AND INEXPICABLY MAD
ALL ABOUT IT



NOT EVEN WHEN ITS IN-
TENDED VICTIM IS
SNATCHED FROM ITS
GRASP BY A DEVICE
WHICH CANNOT EXIST.
NOT EVEN THEN

IT HAS A JOB TO DO. IT
HAS TO KILL A SUPER-
HUMAN FROM ANOTHER
WORLD. IT NEVER GIVES
UP.



DATA-IMPLUSES CRACKLE
ALONG ITS SPINEWIRES. IT
ESTIMATES VELOCITY AND
TRAJECTORY. IT BALANCES
AN EERIE INTUITION AGAINST
A COLD, ALIEN INTELLECT...

...AND THEN WITH A
SILENCE THAT IS CHILL-
ING IN ANYTHING SO
BIG, IT TURNS...



...AND MELTS INTO
THE GATHERING FOG
LIKE THE SHADOW
OF A NIGHTMARE

A NIGHTMARE THAT WILL SOON BECOME
A TERRIBLE REALITY FOR

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

GRAVEYARD SHIFT



YOU'RE
SOMEHOW BEHIND
ALL THIS AREN'T YOU?
YOU WERE THE FIRST
PERSON I MET WHEN I
ARRIVED ON THIS
INSANE, PARALLEL
WORLD

SINCE THEN
A WOMAN I TRIED
TO HELP HAS BETRAYED
ME. SOME KIND OF MECH-
ANICAL HORROR HAS BRO-
KEN MY ARM. REALITY
HAS GONE HAYWIRE
AND JACKDAW...
HE HE'S...

JACKDAW'S
DEAD

A
TRAGEDY CAP-
TAIN SHOCKING
AND HIM SO
YOUNG...

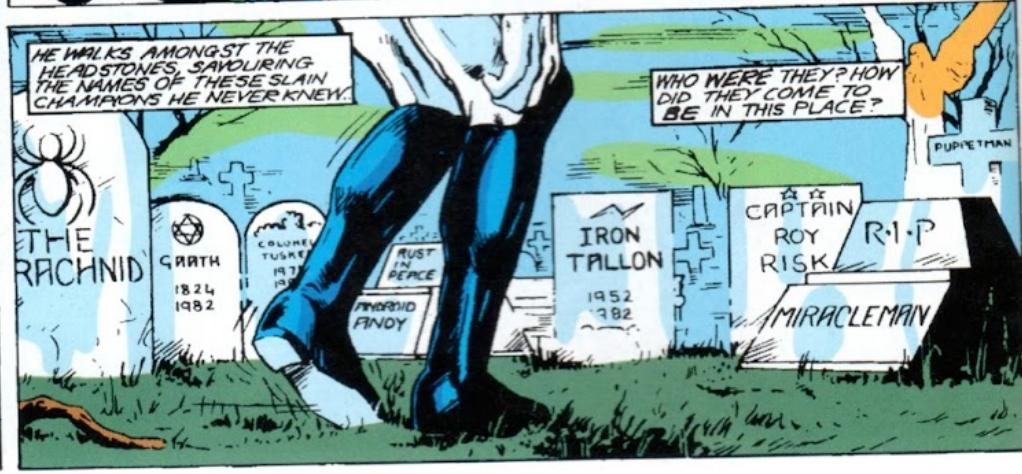
KISS ME QUICK

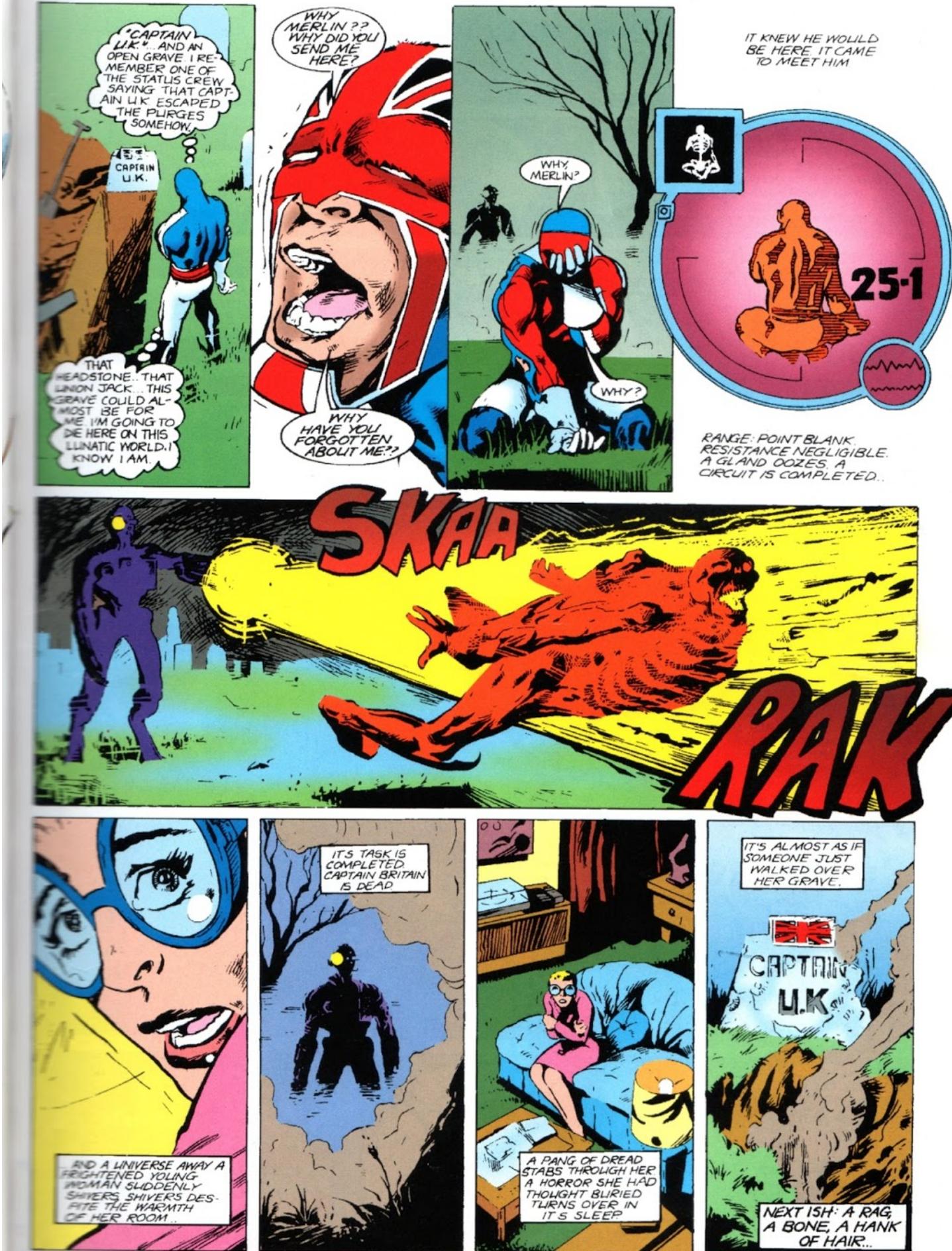
BUT
NOT TO WORRY, EH?
THE KETTLE'S ON AND
THE POT'S WARMING. LET'S
HAVE A NICE, COSY
NATTER, CAPTAIN.
JUST YOU, ME...











IN THE END, THE DARKNESS SWALLOWS EVERYTHING. SPACE VANISHES. TIME IS NO LONGER EVEN A MEMORY. ALL IS LOST IN THE NUMB AND SILENT DEPTHS OF FOREVER.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN IS DEAD

AND WHAT THEN? WHEN THE FLESH IS DISCARDED IS ANYTHING LEFT? IS THERE A LIGHT THAT PIERCES THAT TERRIBLE FINAL SHADOW? SOME SAY YES. SOME SAY NO.

SOME PRETEND NOT TO CARE, BUT THEY DO. WE ALL DO. ALL OF US FRAGILE AND TEMPORARY THINGS.

ARE THERE CITIES IN THE WILDERNESS BEYOND THE FIELDS OF LIFE? ARE THERE SOARING IMMORTAL SPIRES THAT SHINE WITH A PURE AND HEARTBREAKING BEAUTY?

ALONE ON OUR TINY BALL OF MUD WE STAND SHOUTING QUESTIONS AT A DEAF SKY WHERE WILL WE BE WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT? WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE DIE?

AND THERE IS NO ANSWER AND SO WE BUSY OURSELVES WITH THE TASK OF IGNORING OUR MORTALITY. WE MAKE GLORIOUS WAR. WE MAKE ANGRY GODS. WE MAKE SAD AND BITTER LOVE...

BUT BETWEEN OUR FRANTIC LABOURS THERE ARE CHINKS OF SILENCE. MOMENTS WHEN WE HEAR THE SMALL AND FRIGHTENED VOICE THAT WHISPERS IN THE LONG NIGHT

"WHERE? WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE DIE?"

WILL THERE BE VAST PALACES ALIVE WITH LIGHT AND LAUGHTER? WILL THERE BE PEOPLE THERE, WAITING BEYOND THAT LAST GREY CURTAIN?

AND IF THERE ARE, WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE WILL THEY BE?

AND IF THERE ARE, WHAT OH WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF US?

WE ARE READY, MY LOVE. THE COMPLEX ABOUT US SINGS WITH THE POWER OF A THOUSAND SUNS

ARE THE RELICS IN THEIR APPOINTED PLACE? THE CHARRED AND PITIFUL FRAGMENTS THAT ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF...

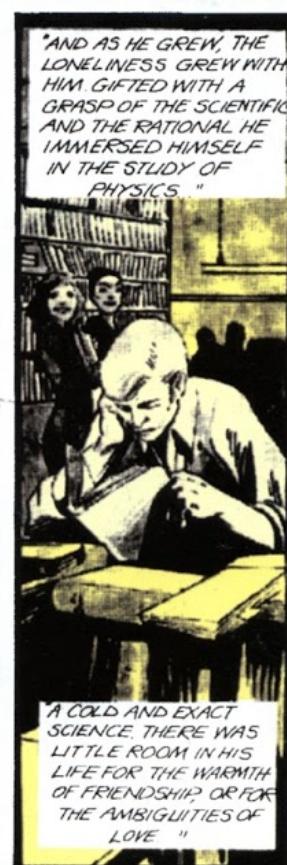
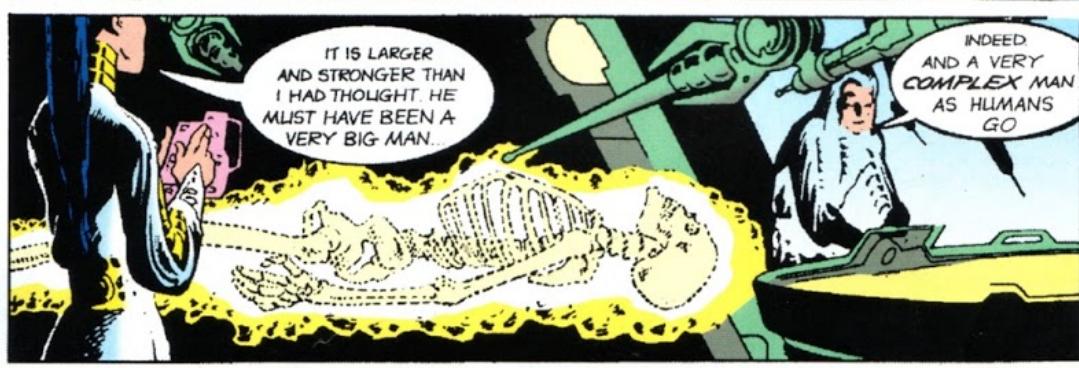
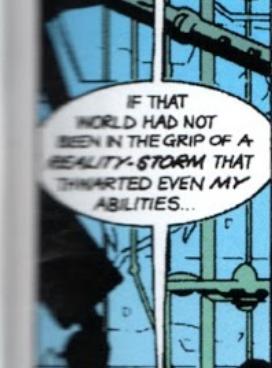
CAPTAIN BRITAIN

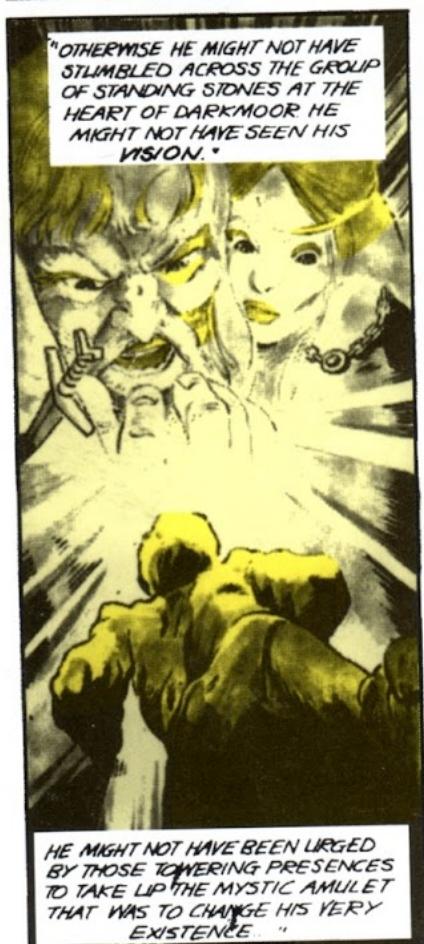
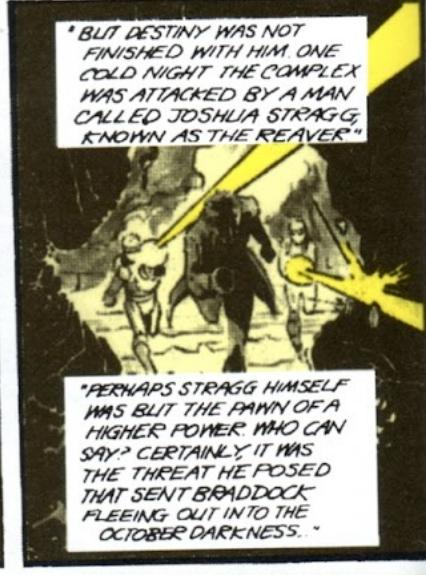
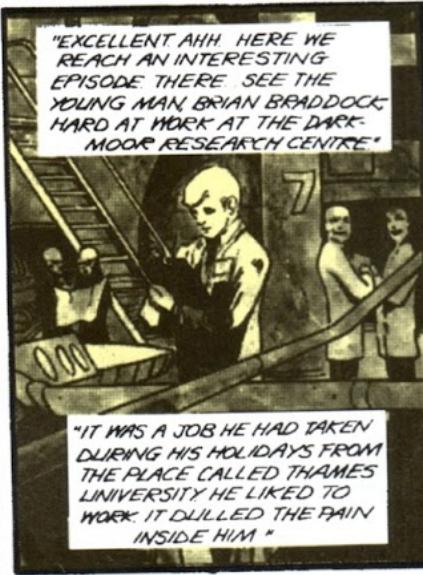
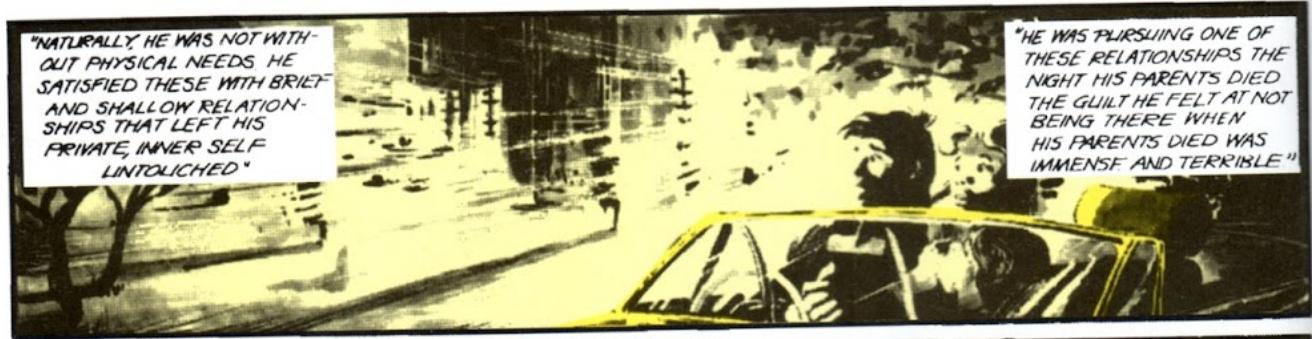
THEY'RE HERE FATHER, SUSPENDED IN THE STASIS FIELD. ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT WE CAN SUCCEED IN THIS?

THERE'S SO LITTLE OF HIM LEFT...

a rag, a bone,
a hank of hair...

CO-CREATORS - ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS.
LETTERER - JENNY O'CONNOR.
EDITOR - BERNIE JAYE.







"WHAT ADVENTURES THEY WERE IT WAS HIS RATIONAL SIDE THAT WAS SUPPRESSED NOW AS HE FOUGHT AGAINST TROLLS AND OGRES, DEMONS AND NIGHT-GAINTS."



"AND IN FIGHTING, HE DIED, HIS SPIRIT DRIFTING ALMOST TO THE JAWS OF EXTINCTION BEFORE IT WAS RESCUED BY THE ALL-WISE BEING CALLED MERLIN."

"HE WAS TAKEN TO A REALM CALLED OTHERWORLD, WHICH HE SAW AS A PLACE OF ANCIENT TOWERS AND TRANQUIL MEDIEVAL SPLENDOUR."



"BUT IT WAS NOT THE END OF HIS DUTIES, IT WAS MERELY THE END OF HIS APPRENTICESHIP. OF COURSE, HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT."



"INDEED, BEFORE HE COULD FACE THE TASK FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN CREATED, THERE WAS STILL ONE FINAL TEST HIS APPEARANCE CHANGED, HE WAS RETURNED TO EARTH..."

"THERE THE TWO OPPONING HALVES OF HIS WARRING SOUL WERE AT LAST RECONCILED INTO ONE WHOLE BEING. AT LAST HE WAS AT PEACE..."



"NOT CRUELTY, MY PALE FLOWER. NECESSITY."

"SHOULD WE SUCCEED HERE THE GREATEST BATTLE OF CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S LIFE IS STILL BEFORE HIM. IT IS VITAL THAT HE APPROACHES IT WITH AN OPEN MIND."

"ALL THAT COULD BE DONE WAS TO GIVE HIM HINTS OF ITS NATURE AND HOPE THAT HE COULD LEARN FROM THEM."

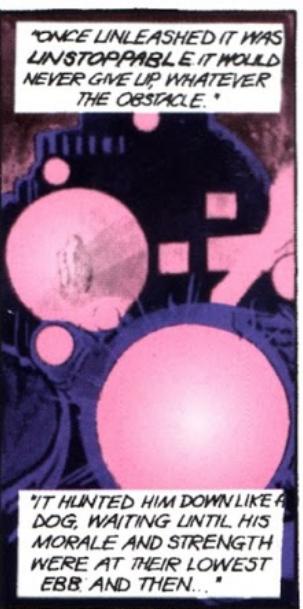
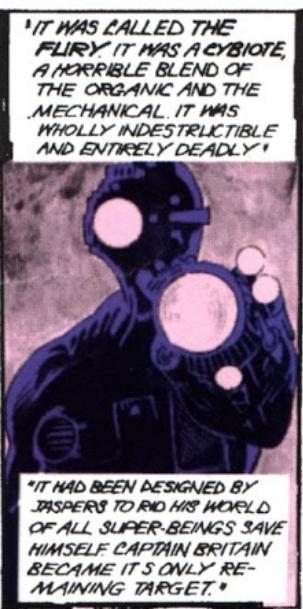
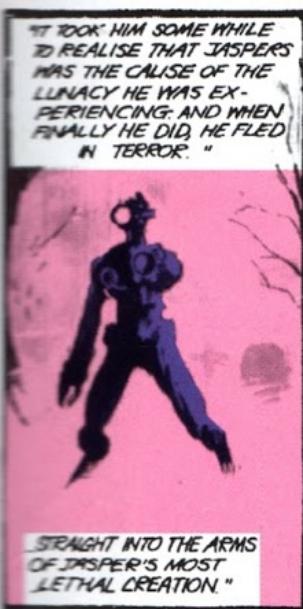


"THAT WAS WHY HE WAS SENT TO THE ALTERNATE EARTH WITH ONLY THE BRAVE AND NOBLE ELF JACKDAW AS HIS COMPANION"

"POOR LITTLE JACKDAW. IF ONLY I HAD BEEN ABLE TO RISK SAVING HIM WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE CHANCES OF SAVING CAPTAIN BRITAIN HIMSELF..."

"IF..."





**LET THERE
BE LIFE!**

HE WAS IN A GRAVEYARD. HE
WAS IN DESPAIR. DEATH
TOOK HIM FROM BEHIND. A
SEARING BOLT OF BLISTER-
ING FLAME. HE DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO SCREAM...

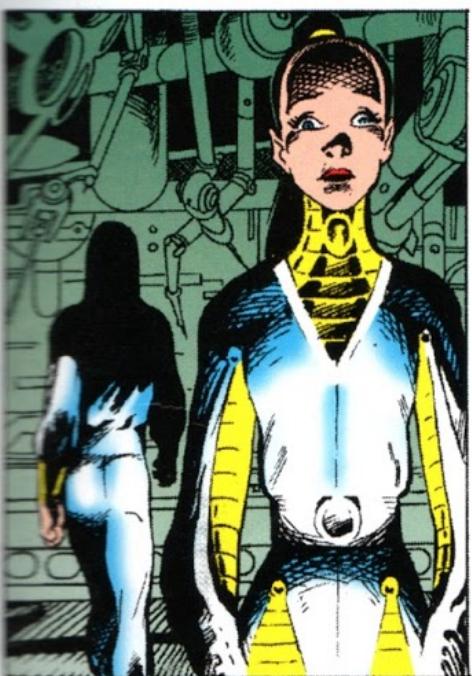
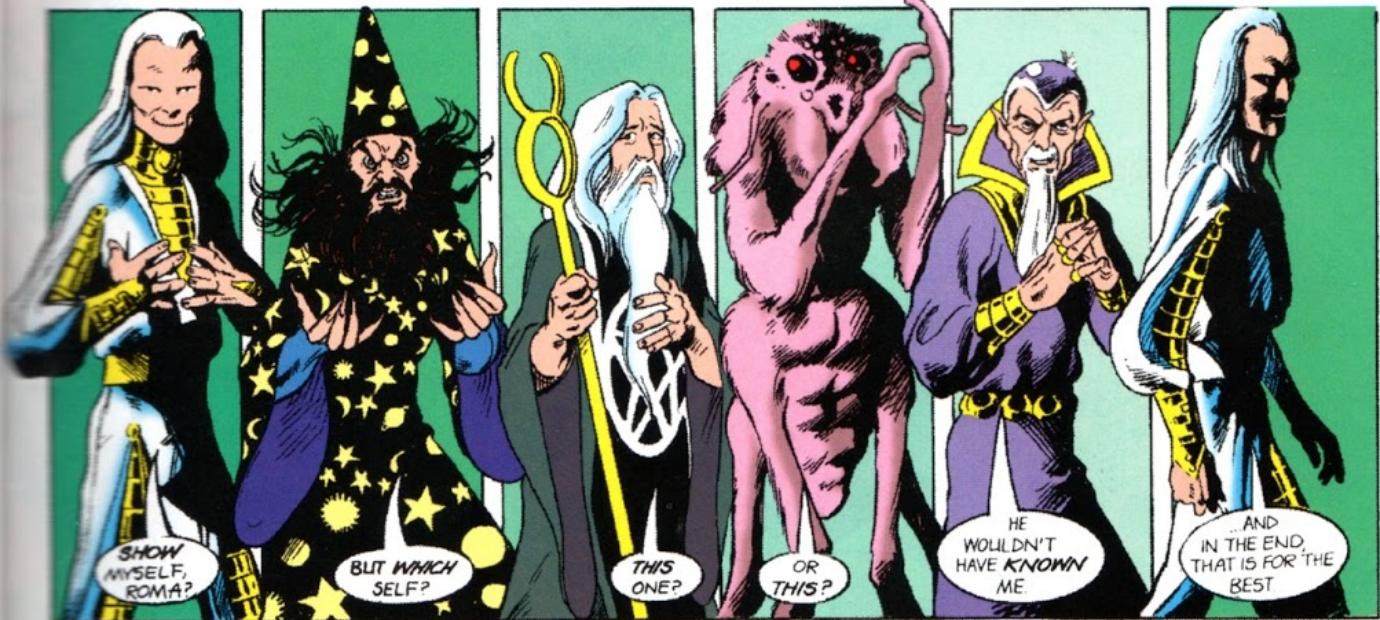
HE SCREAMS NOW. THE SCREAM
STARTS ON A PLANE BEYOND
TIME, BEYOND SPACE, BEYOND
LIFE AND DEATH. THE SCREAM
ENDS ON...

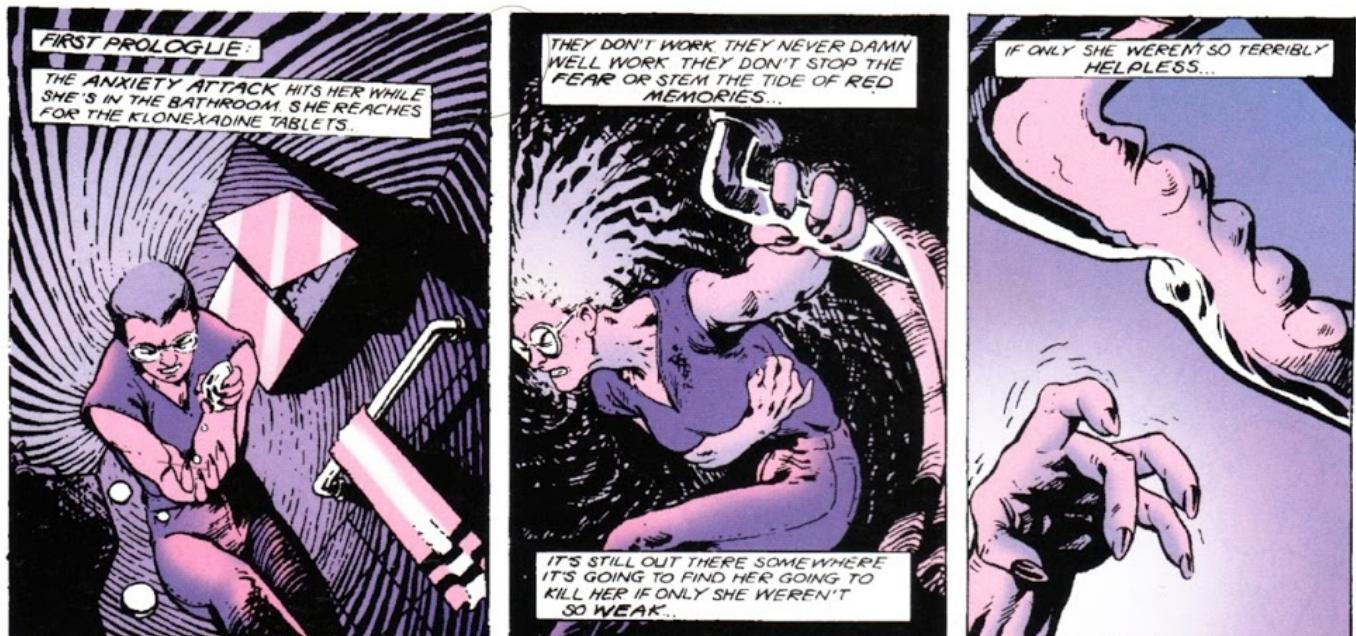
NOOOOOOOOOOOOO

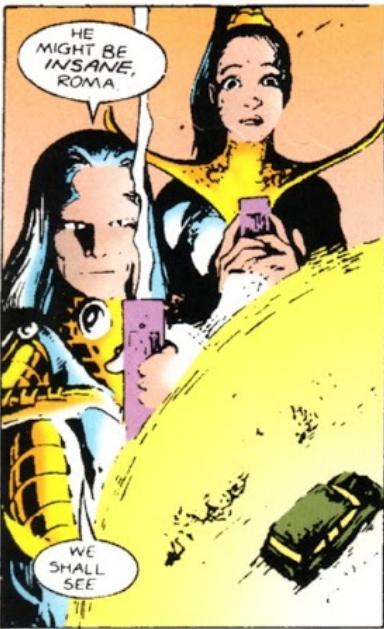
DARKMOOR SEPTEMBER
THE EIGHTH, 1982.

D-DARKMOOR.
I-I'M ALIVE.

I'M ALIVE
AND I'M ON
DARKMOOR.







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100
SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1982

SO WHAT I SAY IS WHY
DIDN'T WE SEND IN THE
S.A.S. THAT'D AVE
GIVEN THE ARGIES
SOMETHING TO
CHEW ON.

WHOOPS!
WE'RE HERE.
WE'VE ARRIVED.
BRADDOCK
MANOR.

...OR
RATHER WHAT'S
LEFT OF
IT!

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

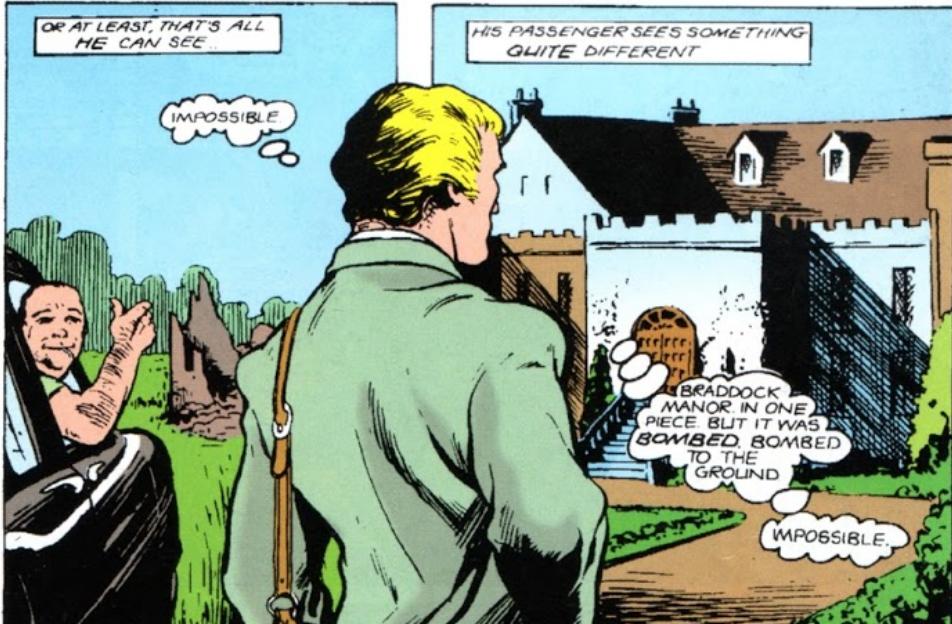
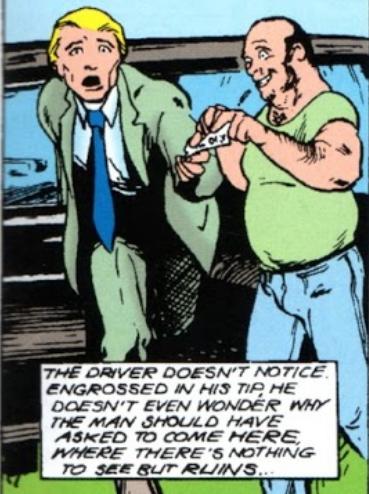
An Englishman's
Home ...

CO-CREATORS - ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS.
LETTERER - JENNY O'CONNOR.
EDITOR - BERNIE JAYE.

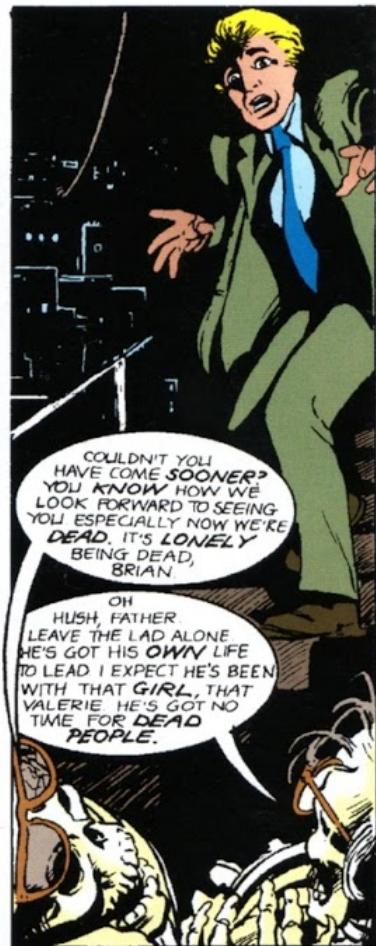
HE PAYS THE DRIVER AND AS HE
DOES, THE FIRST COLD FILAMENTS
OF FEAR BRUSH THE NAPE OF
HIS NECK.

OR AT LEAST, THAT'S ALL
HE CAN SEE...

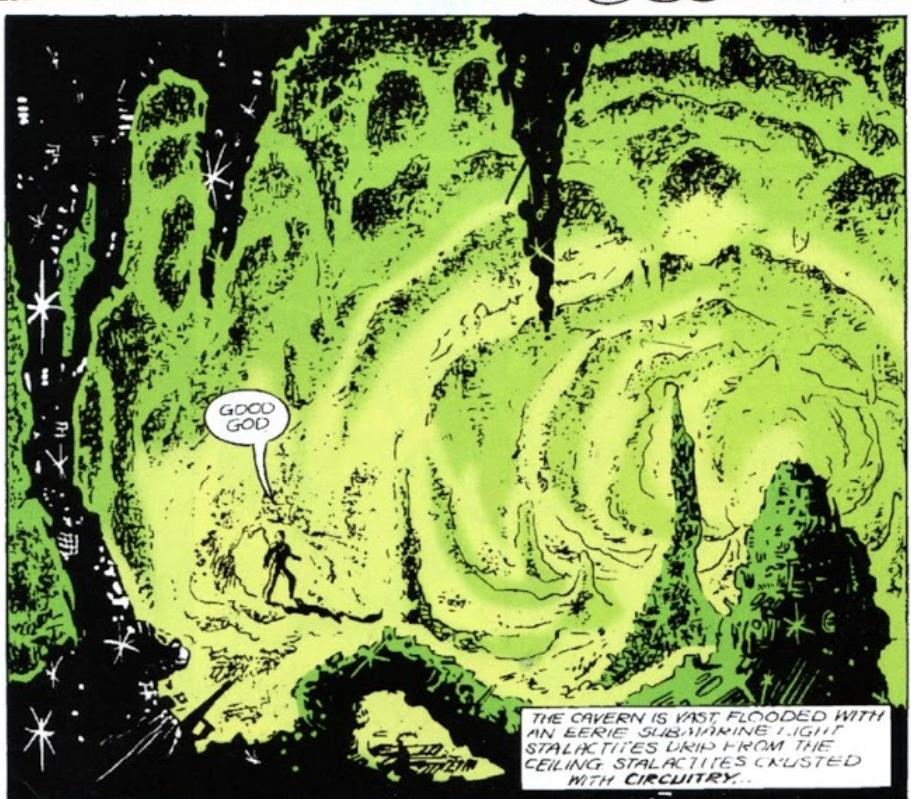
HIS PASSENGER SEES SOMETHING
QUITE DIFFERENT

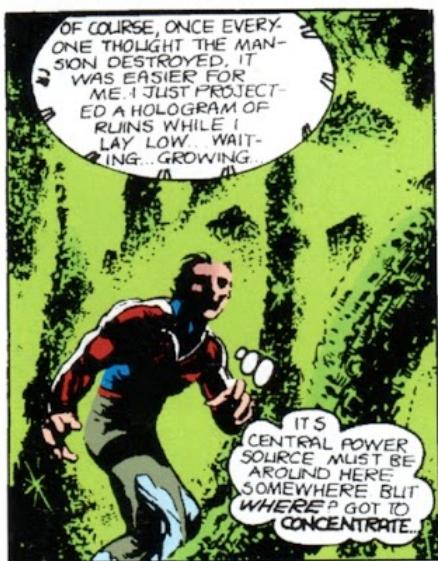
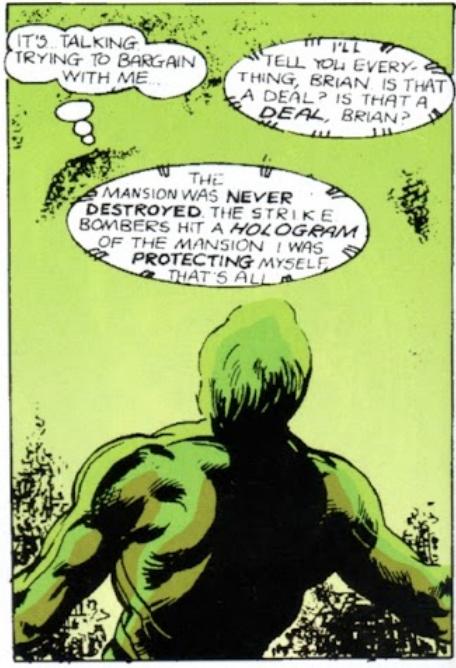
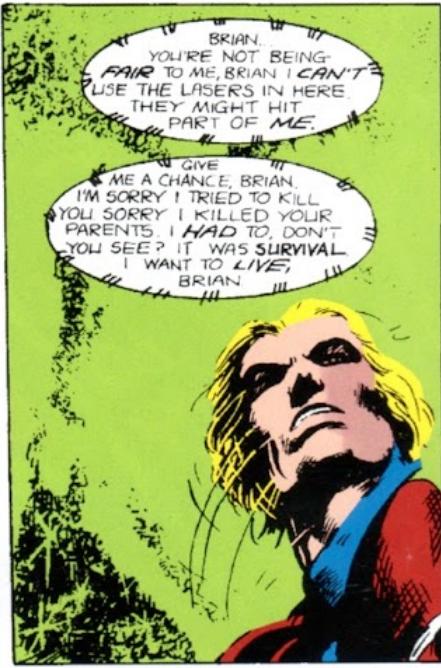


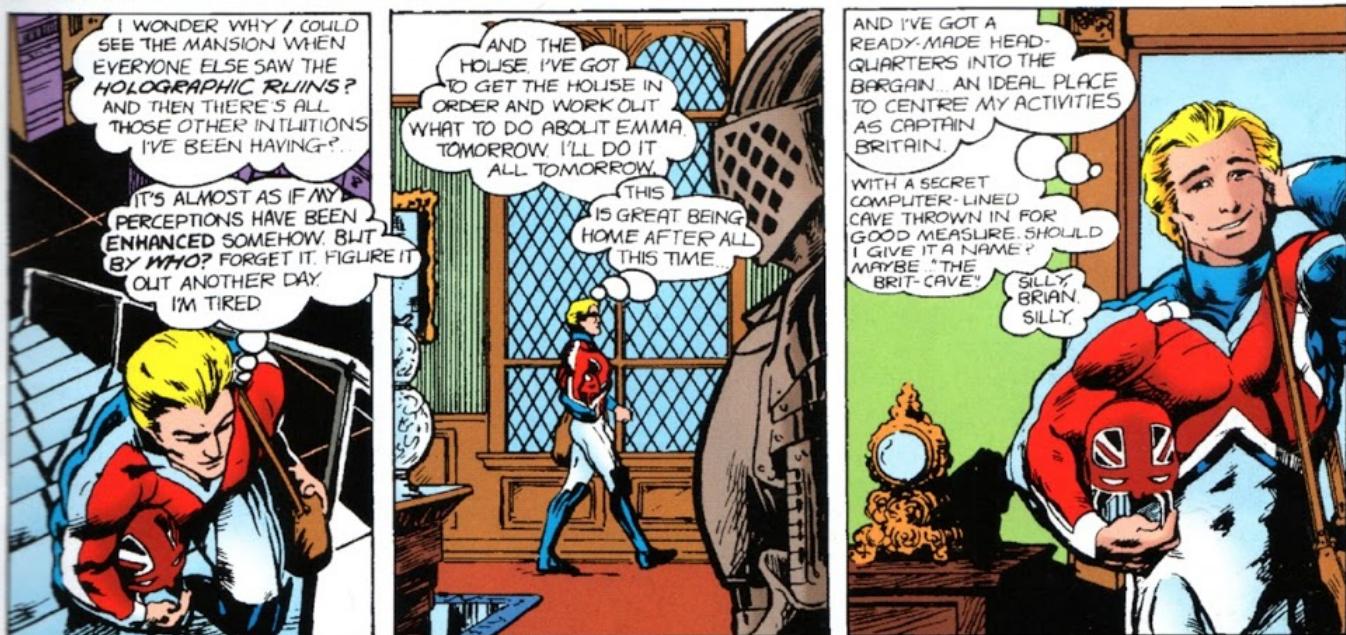


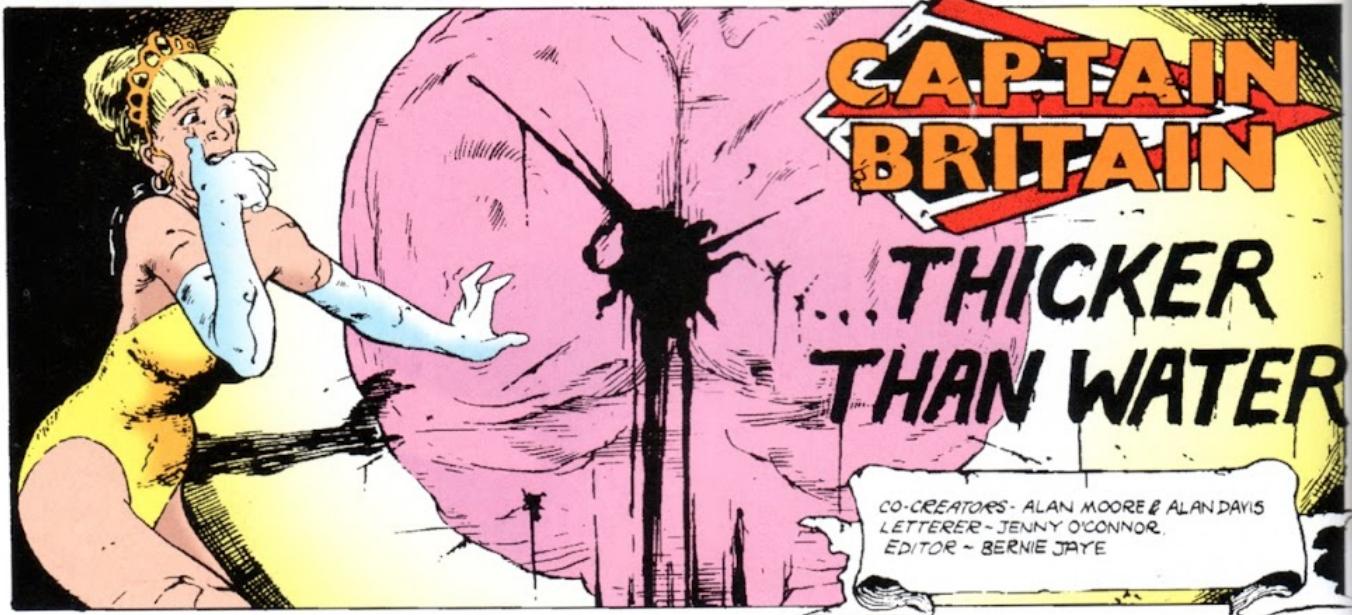
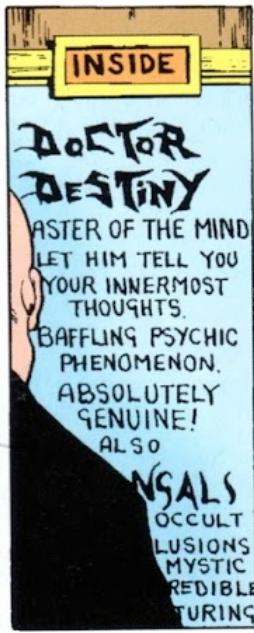


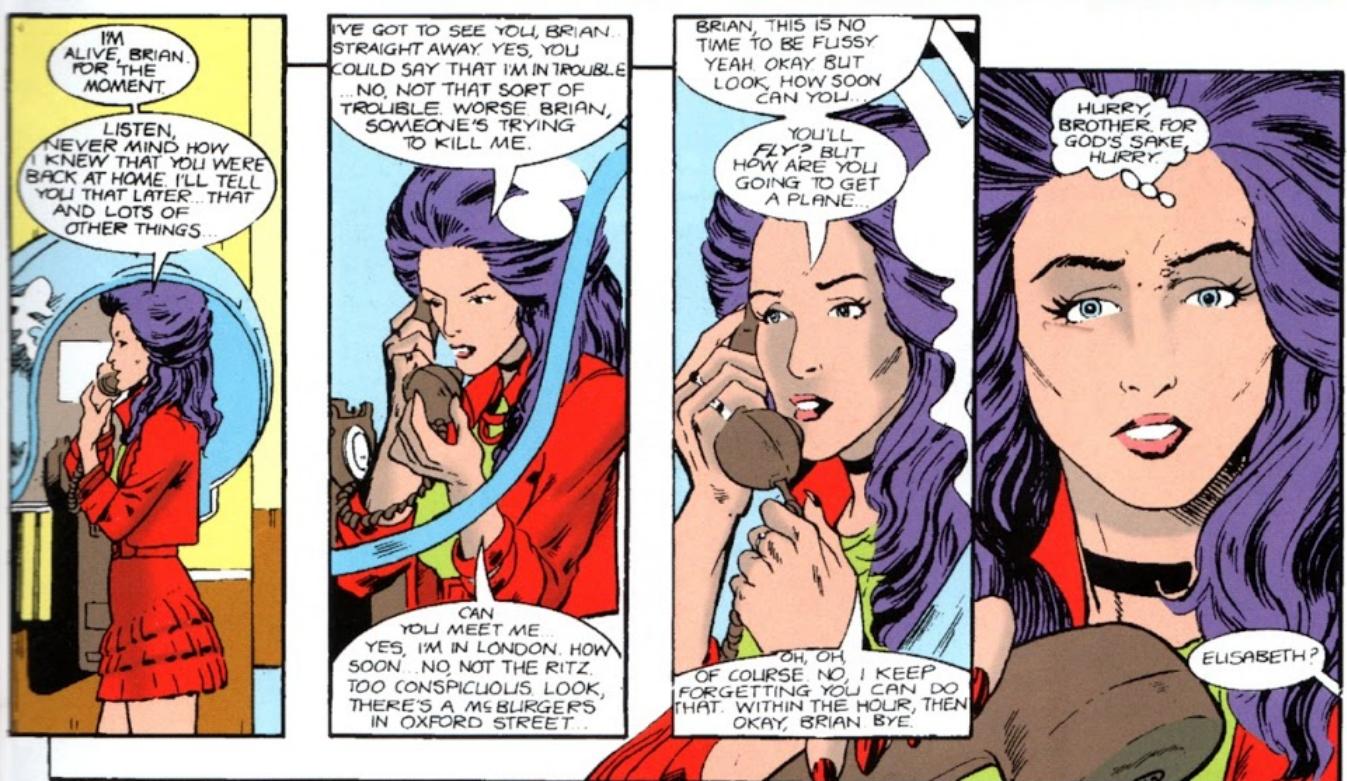














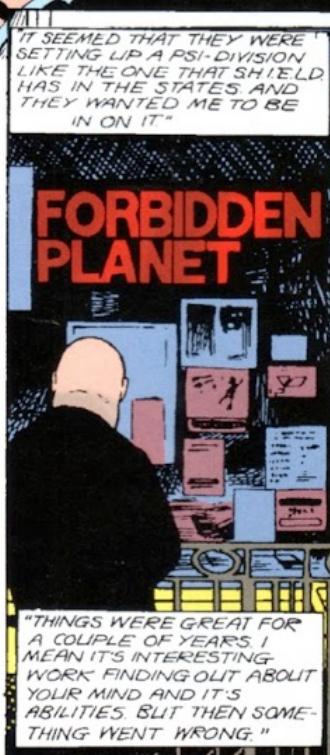




I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR STRIKE BRIAN, FOR THEIR PSI DIVISION

BRIAN, I SAID JUST NOW THAT I'M A FASHION MODEL. THAT'S TRUE, BUT THAT'S NOT ALL THAT I AM...

THAT'S WHY I'M IN TROUBLE



"THE VIXEN? BUT I FOUGHT HIS HENCHMEN A FEW YEARS BACK. I MEAN, I NEVER ACTUALLY GOT MY HANDS ON THE VIXEN HIMSELF... BUT..."

"NOBODY BUT THE PSI DIVISION. WE KNEW, BY VIRTUE OF OUR POWERS SO WE HAD TO BE ELIMINATED."

"YES, I KNOW ALL THAT BUT LISTEN.. THE VIXEN MANAGED TO GET HIS PEOPLE INTO ALL THE TOP POSITIONS AT STRIKE AND NOBODY KNEW ABOUT IT."

"WE REALISED THAT WE WERE TARGETS, SO WE WENT INTO HIDING... WENT UNDERGROUND UNTIL WE COULD WORK OUT WHAT TO DO. THERE WERE TEN US, THEN."

"THERE'S FIVE, NOW YOU SEE, THE VIXEN HIRED SOME SORT OF ASSASSIN TO HUNT US DOWN. HE'S DOING A GOOD JOB, BRIAN."

CHUK

HE'S KILLING US. HE'S...

AAARRRRRGHH!!

BETSY?
WHAT'S WRONG?
BETSY?







"LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME."



CAPTAIN
BRITAIN

KILLING GROUND

CO-CREATORS - ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS.
LETTERER - JOHN ALDRICH
EDITOR - BERNIE JAYE



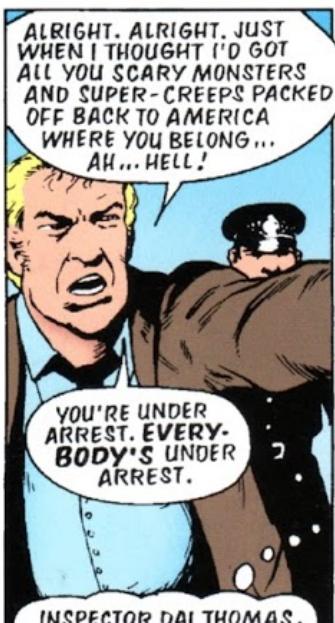








HIT HIM."



...HE'S A DAY HAG.
THE HERO HATER. OH NO,
VERY DEFINITELY NOT
NOW.

THAT WELSH STUPID
TROOPER ON TOP OF
EVERYTHING ELSE.
SEE YOU LATER.

THAT'S IT.
DID HE HURT YOU AT
ALL? DID HE SAY
ANYTHING?

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YES, CAPTAIN BRITAIN. I BELIEVE HE'S MADE

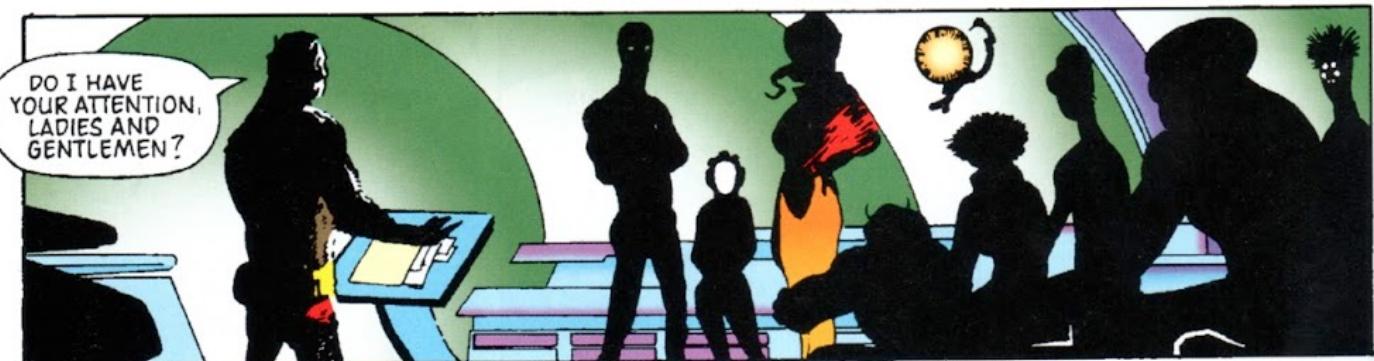
BUT, LOOK...DON'T SWEAT IT, EH? I'LL FINISH THE JOB. I MAY NEED A

INSTEAD OF WHICH CAPTAIN BRITAIN SHOWS UP AND BEATS HIM AS THOROUGHLY AS HE DID THE LAST TIME THEY MET.

I'D BETTER SHOVE AN IDIOT OUT OF YOU IN THE PAST. I'M WARNING YOU, ARCADE ... IF MY PLANS TO TAKE OVER S.T.R.I.K.E. ARE JEOPARDIZED BY...

LITTLE TIME BUT I'LL FINISH IT. SEE, IF CAPTAIN BRITAIN'S INVOLVED... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY IT'S DIFFERENT NOW.

NEXT: EXECUTIVE ACTION!



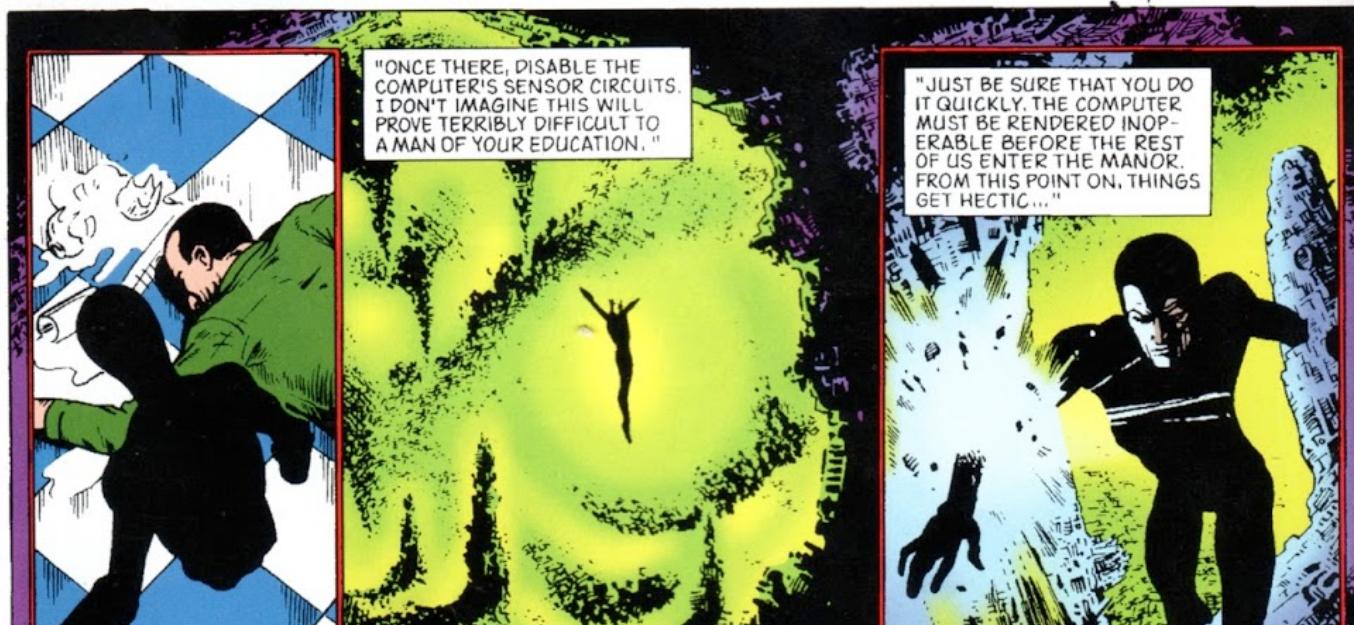
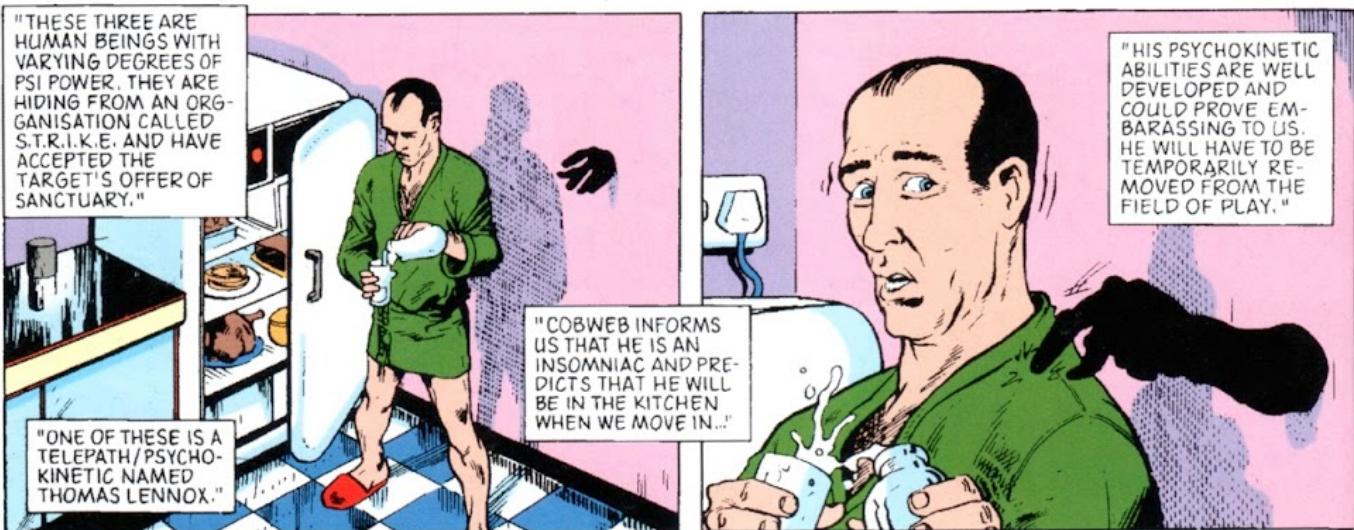
GOOD.

HERE'S THE PLAN...





"THERE IS, HOWEVER, A HUMAN ELEMENT TO CONSIDER. APART FROM THE TARGET HIMSELF, THREE GUESTS HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN TO RESIDING AT BRADDOCK MANOR..."



"WHEN THIS FIRST OBSTACLE IS REMOVED, MAKE YOUR WAY IMMEDIATELY TO THE CAVE SYSTEM BEHIND BRADDOCK MANOR..."

"BY LOCAL STANDARDS THE COMPUTER IS UNBELIEVABLY SOPHISTICATED, BUT BY OUR STANDARDS... WELL, WE EMPLOY MORE COMPLEX DEVICES VENDING A HOT CUP OF STIMULUX."

"THIS IS BECAUSE THE REMOVAL OF THOMAS LENNOX WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY ALERT ONE OF THE OTHER TWO PSI-TALENTS WHO ARE GUESTS AT THE MANOR."

"HER NAME IS ELISABETH BRADDOCK, AND SHE IS THE TARGET'S SISTER. HER AND LENNOX ARE LOVERS, AFTER A FASHION, AND SHARE A PSYCHIC RAPPORT. SHE'LL KNOW HE'S BEEN TAKEN."

"SHE WILL INVESTIGATE, MAKING HER WAY FROM HER ROOM DOWN TO THE KITCHEN."

"...EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THAT SHE WON'T BE ALLOWED TO REACH THE KITCHEN."

"EN ROUTE, SHE WILL BE INTERCEPTED BY COBWEB. ELISABETH BRADDOCK IS A TELEPATH, AND HER FIRST REACTION WILL BE TO LEARN THE INTRUDER'S IDENTITY BY SCANNING HER MIND."

"WITH COBWEB, AS YOU KNOW, THIS IS A GRAVE MISTAKE."

"COBWEB IS IN CONSTANT PSYCHIC CONTACT WITH A NUMBER OF PAST AND FUTURE VERSIONS OF HERSELF, FORMING THE TIME-SPANNING WEB FROM WHICH SHE DERIVES HER NAME."

"COBWEB IS USED TO THIS SENSATION. IT MAY MAKE HER A LITTLE... AH, IRRITABLE AT TIMES, BUT HER MIND CAN HANDLE REALITY FROM THIS SOMEWHAT CURIOUS PERSPECTIVE."

"ELISABETH BRADDOCK, HOWEVER, WILL BE PLUNGED SUDDENLY INTO A WORLD WHERE TIME HAS NO MEANING, WHERE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE MELT INTO A TERRIFYING KALEIDOSCOPE."

"FOR HER SANITY TO SURVIVE, HER MIND WILL HAVE TO SHUT ITSELF OFF."



"WE HAVE THE INFORMATION PROVIDED BY OUR EMPLOYER, AS WELL AS THAT WHICH WE HAVE GLEANED FROM COBWEB'S DISCREET MENTAL PROBINGS..."

"HOWEVER, WHILE THESE POWERS ARE INNATE, THEY RELY TO A GREAT EXTENT UPON THE AMPLIFICATION CIRCUITRY BUILT INTO HIS COSTUME."

"NOT BEING A GENTLEMAN, I PROPOSE WE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT FACT."

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

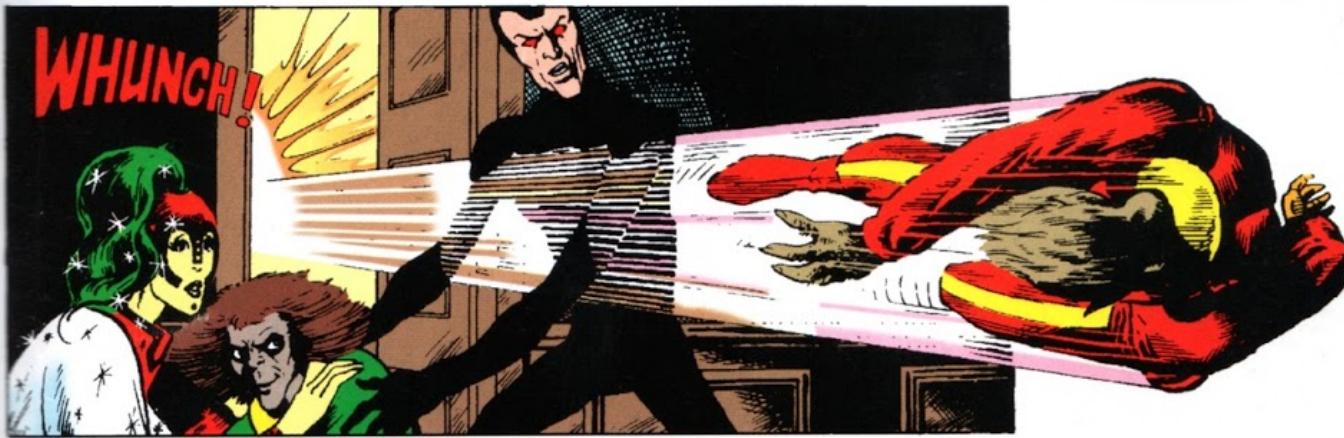




WE ARE A MERCENARY BODY, EMPLOYED BY WHOEVER CAN AFFORD US. IN THIS INSTANCE, OUR EMPLOYER IS AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS. ONE WHO NEEDS YOUR HELP.

OUR EMPLOYER IS CURRENTLY INCARCERATED, ACCUSED OF A CRIME THAT SHE DID NOT COMMIT. ONLY YOUR TESTIMONY CAN SAVE HER, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN?





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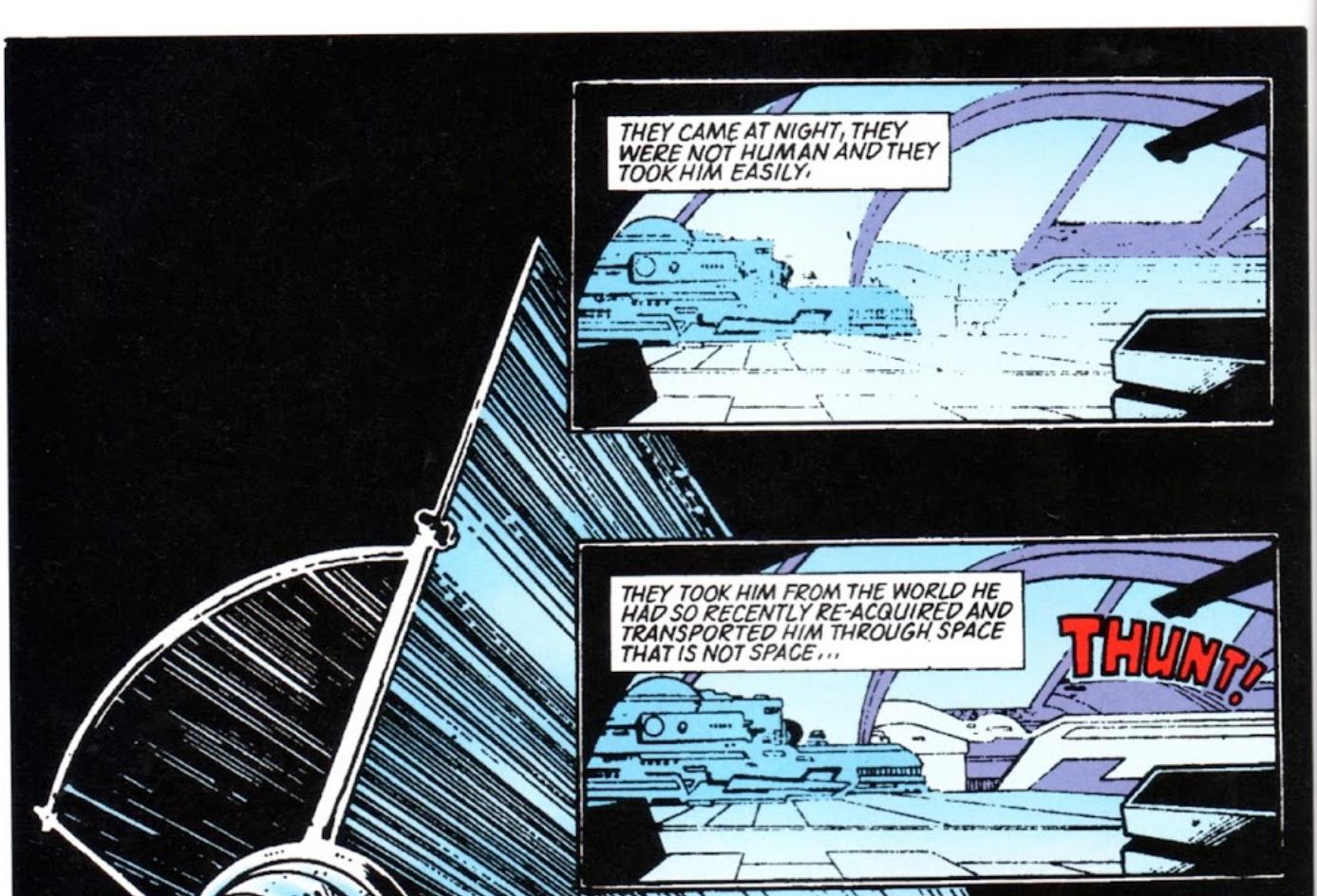
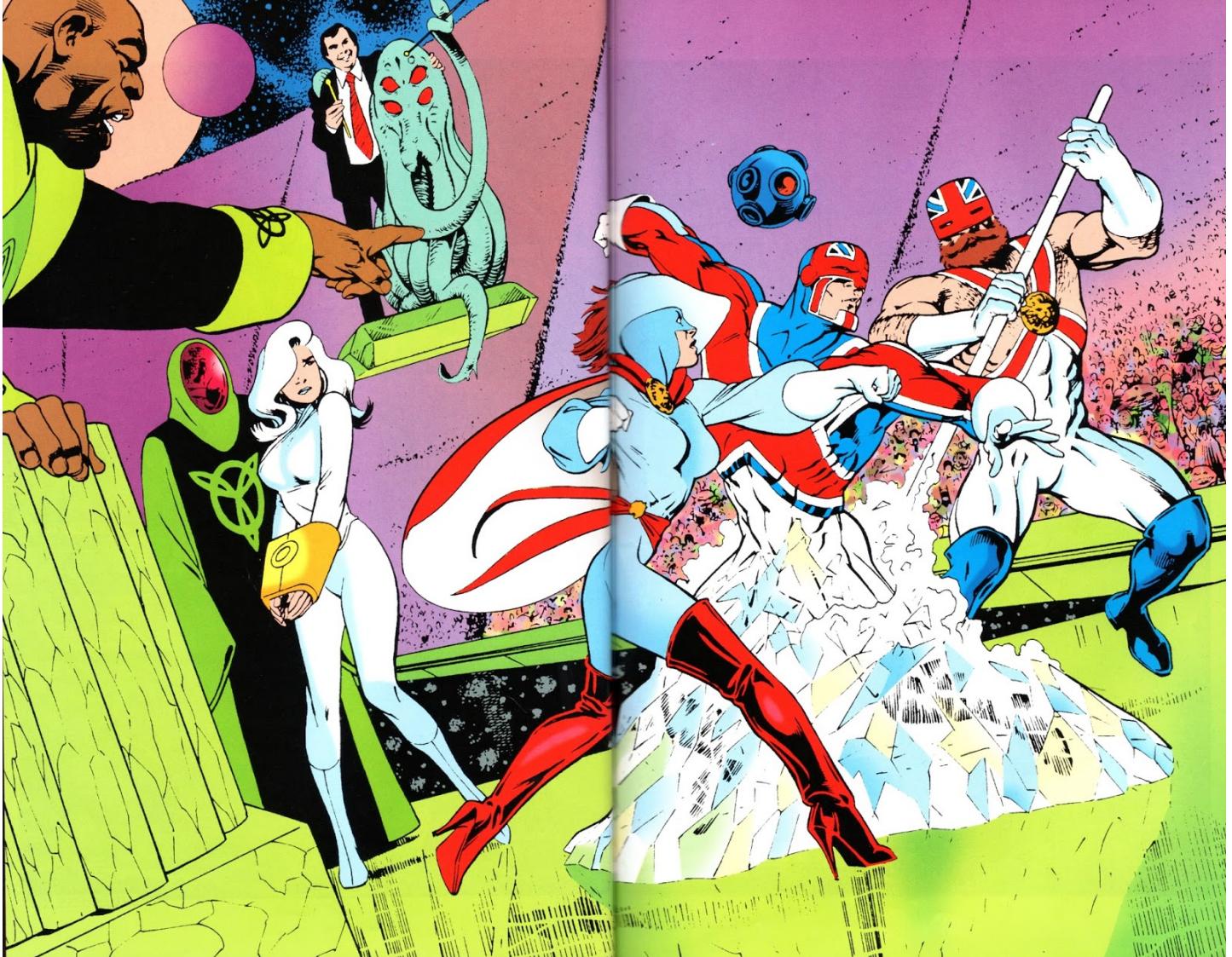




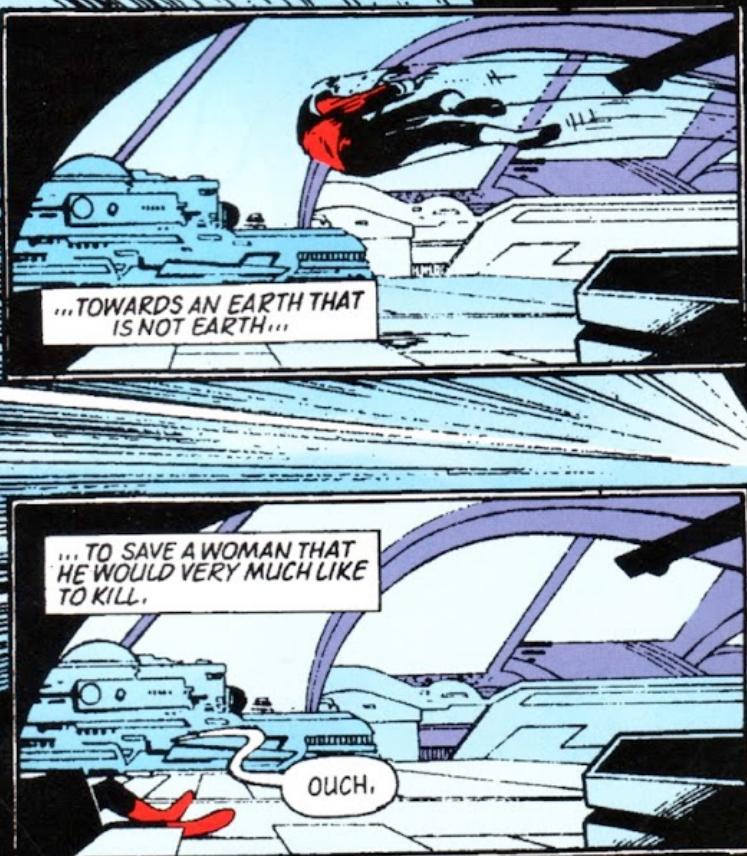
THE RESULT, TO PUT IT MILDLY...



NEXT: JUDGEMENT DAY.



*Alan Moore
&
Alan Davis*
CO-CREATORS.
Steve Craddock
LETTERER
Bernie Jaye
EDITOR

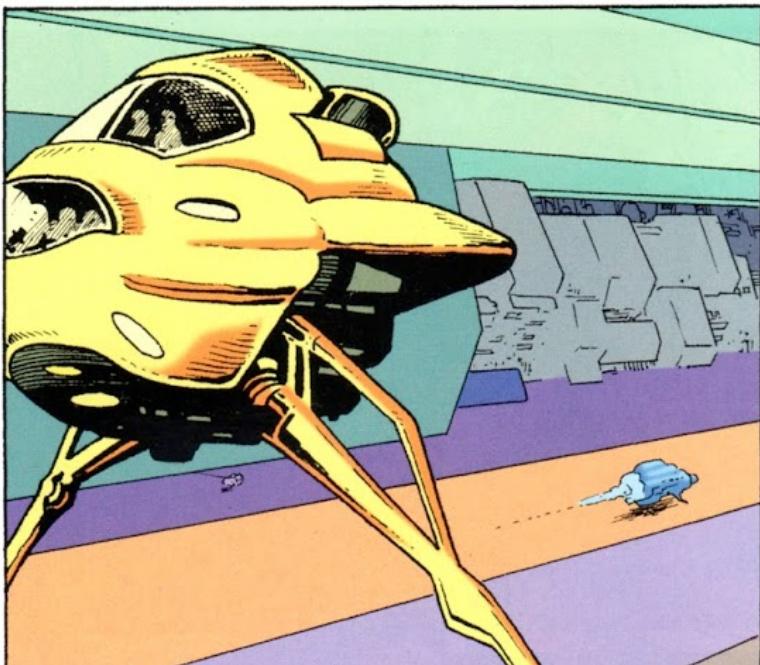


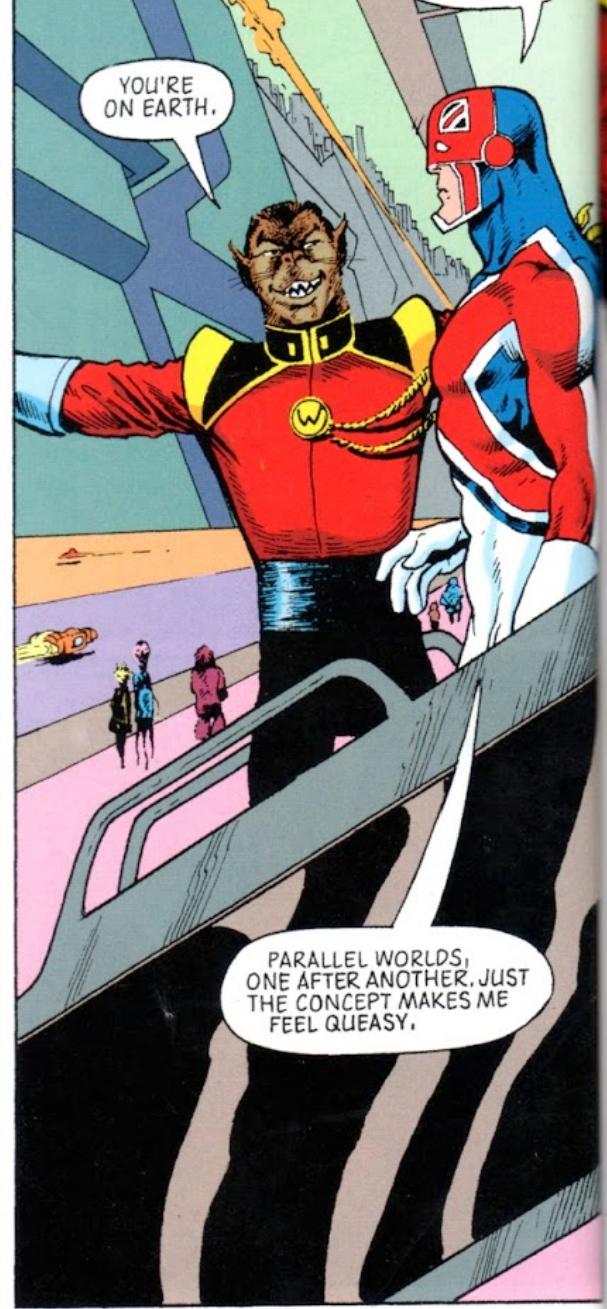
CAPTAIN BRITAIN

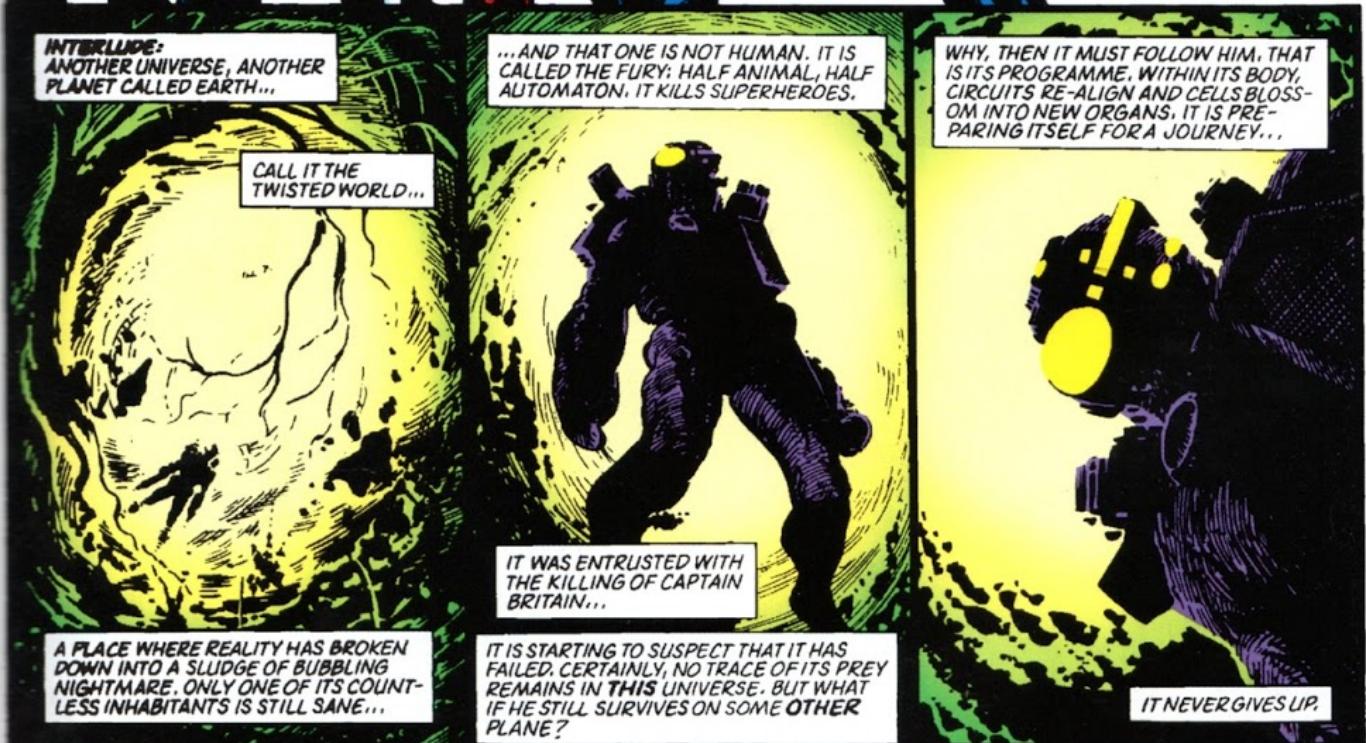
JUDGEMENT DAY

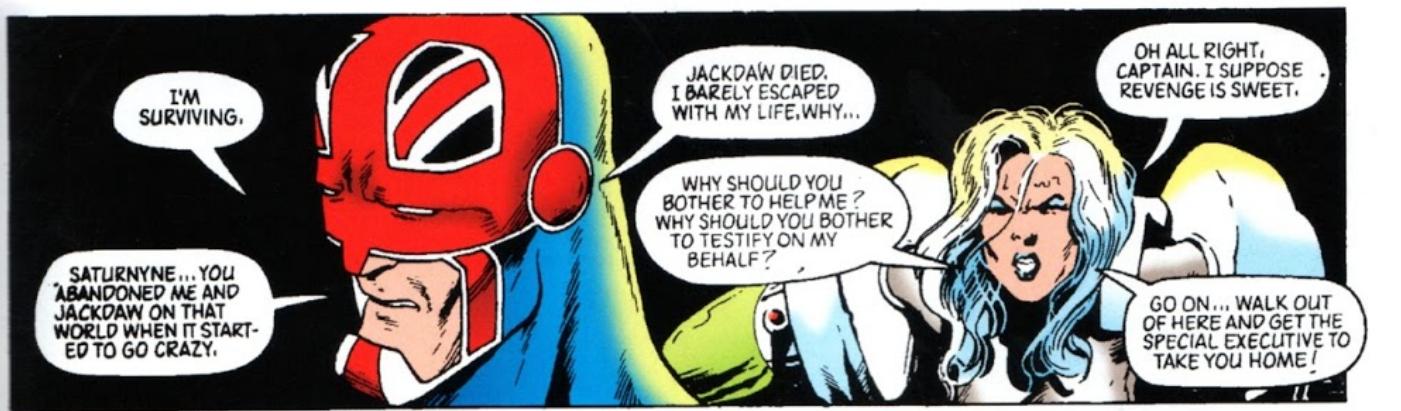


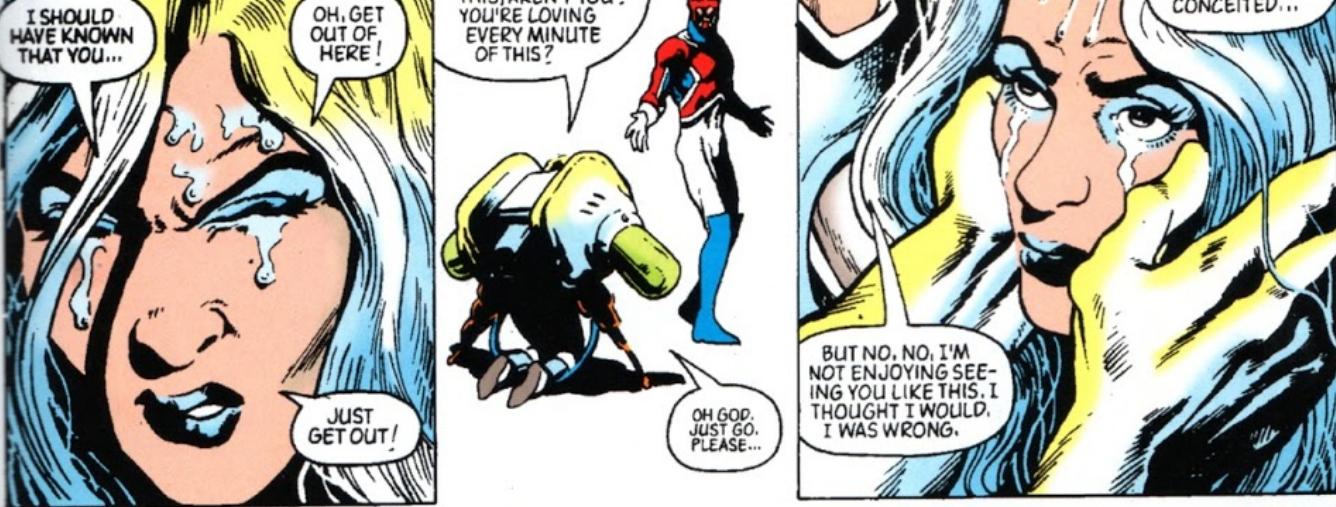












FROM THE WEB

BY ZERGNET



Laura From 'Family Matters' is 43 Now and an Absolute Bombshell

Lex From 'Jurassic Park' is an Absolute Bombshell Today at 39

"...SEE YOU IN COURT."

THE SUPREME OMNIVERSAL TRIBUNE IS NOW IN SESSION. WILL THE ASSEMBLY PLEASE RISE...

...HIS WH4NESS LORD MANDRAGON PRESIDING.

HIS WH4NESS? DOES THAT MEAN...?

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN, HE'S SATURNYNE'S SUCCESSOR TO THE IMPERIAL THRONE IF SHE'S DEPOSED.

HE ALSO HAPPENS TO BE THE JUDGE AT HER TRIAL, YOU SEE OUR PROBLEM?





...AND A STRICKEN UNIVERSE IS
PLACED FOREVER BEYOND SUFFERING.

YOUR WISENESS ... I CANNOT
BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE COM-
MITTED THIS ACT! AN ENTIRE
UNIVERSE ... ALL THOSE COUNT-
LESS LIFE-FORMS OBLITERATED
IN A SINGLE INSTANT ...



THEIR DEMISE WOULD HAVE
BEEN FAR MORE HORRIBLE AND
PROLONGED HAD THE REALITY-
CANCER BEEN ALLOWED TO
SPREAD. NO, MY LORD, WORRY
NOT ABOUT THOSE THAT HAVE
PERISHED...

... SIMPLY BE GLAD THAT
NONE OF THEM ESCAPED."

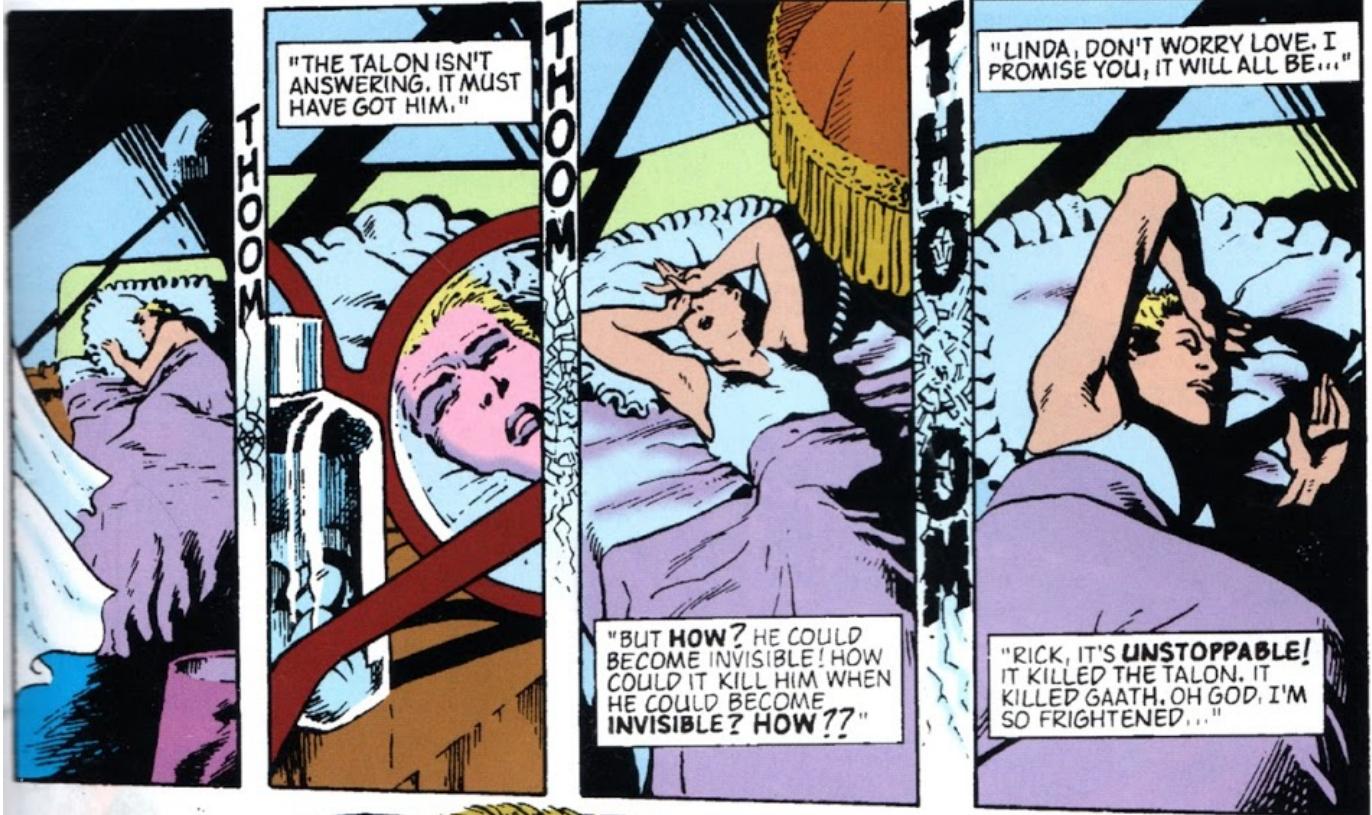


IT FLOATS THROUGH
SPACE THAT IS NOT SPACE.
IT SEEKS A MAN THAT IT
HAS ALREADY KILLED.



IT NEVER
GIVES UP.

NEXT > ROUGH JUSTICE!

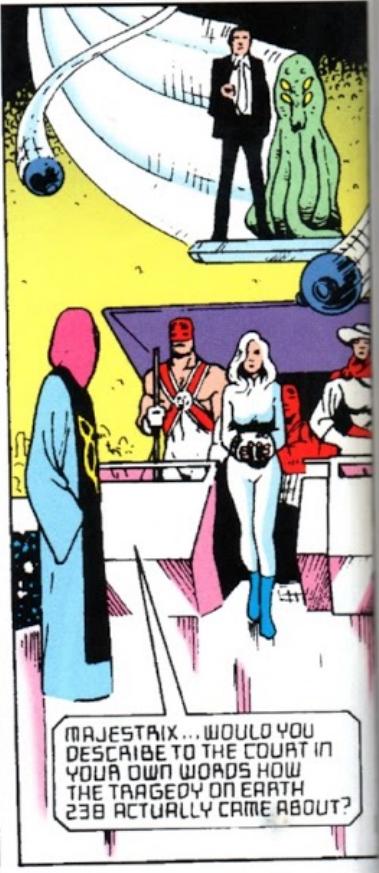


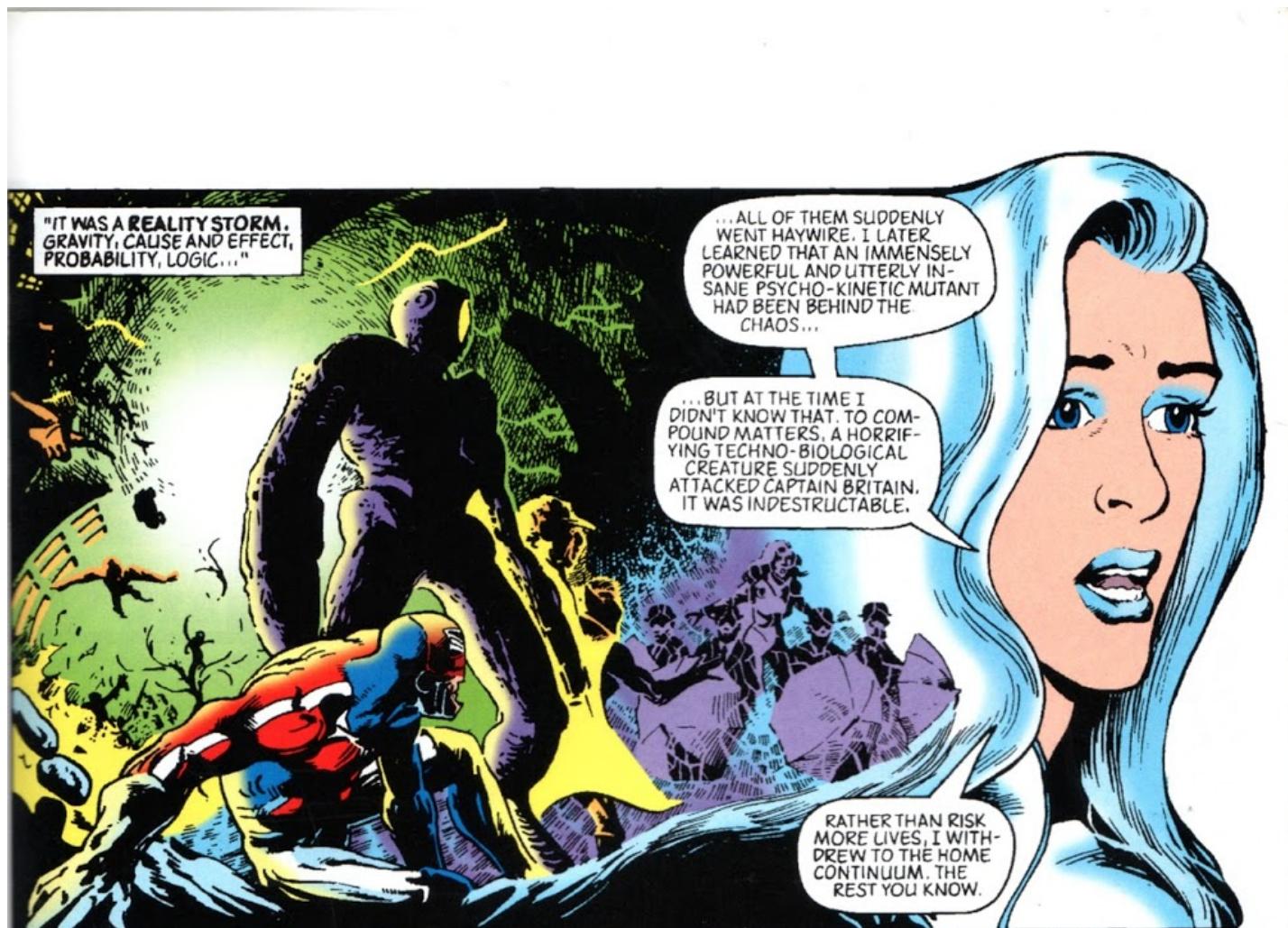


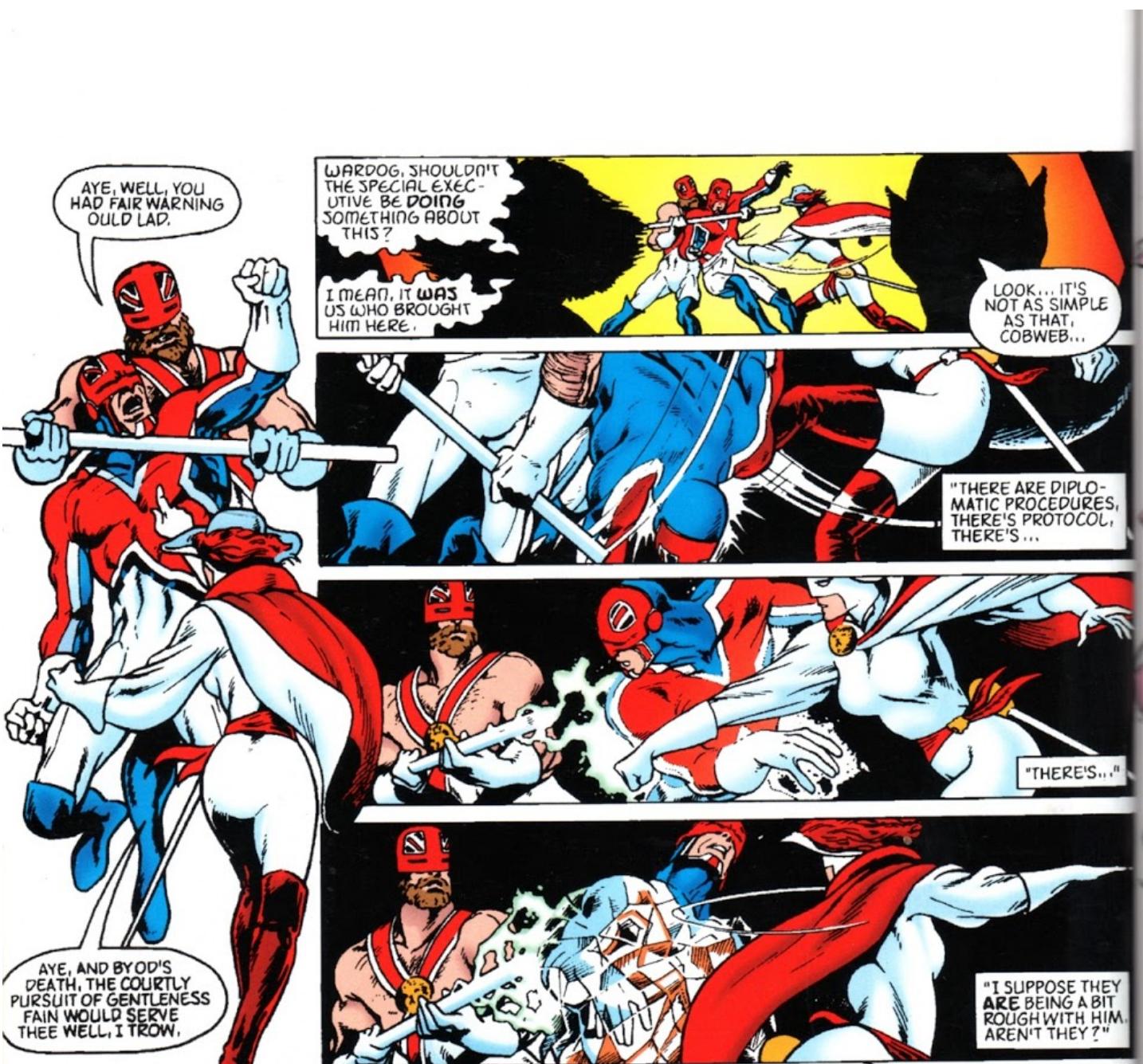










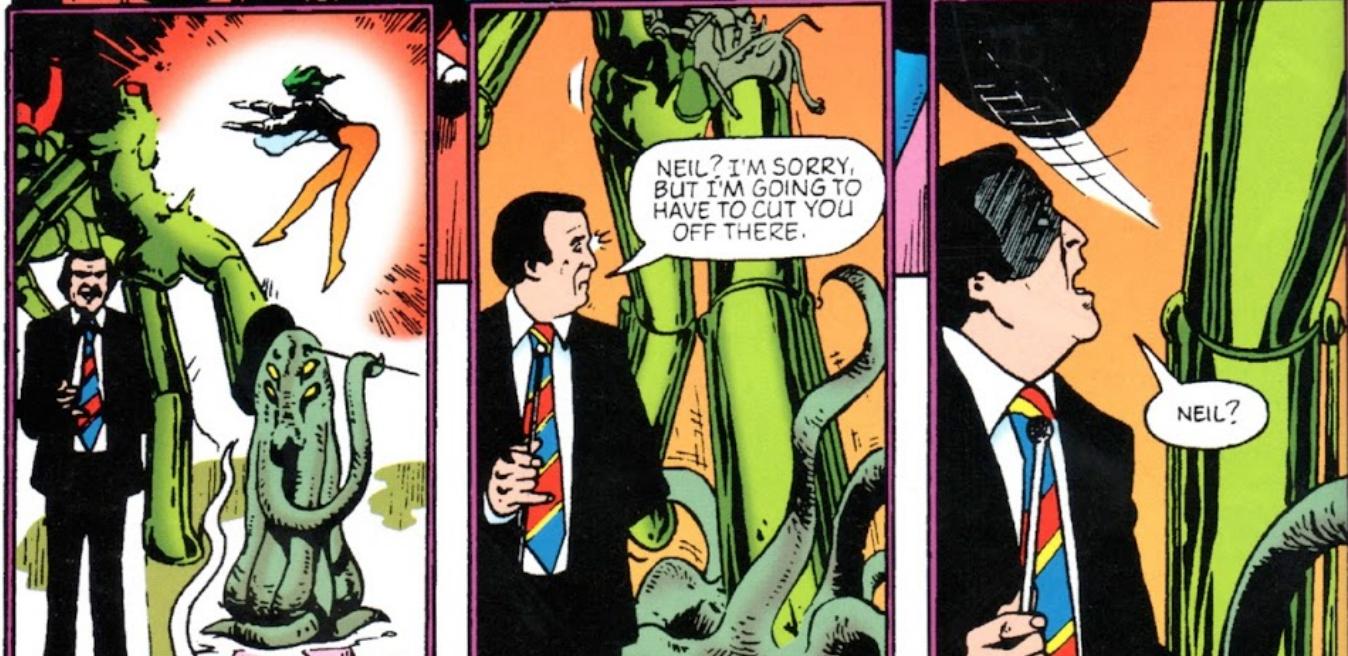


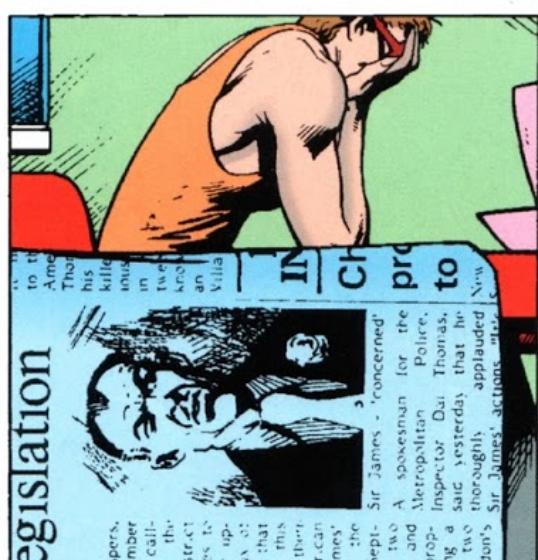
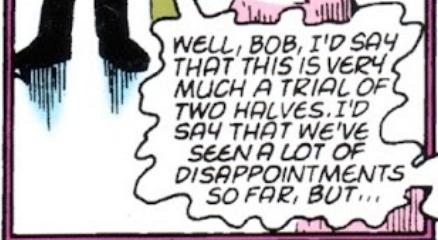
SENTENCE ON THE ACCUSED.

IMMEDIATELY.

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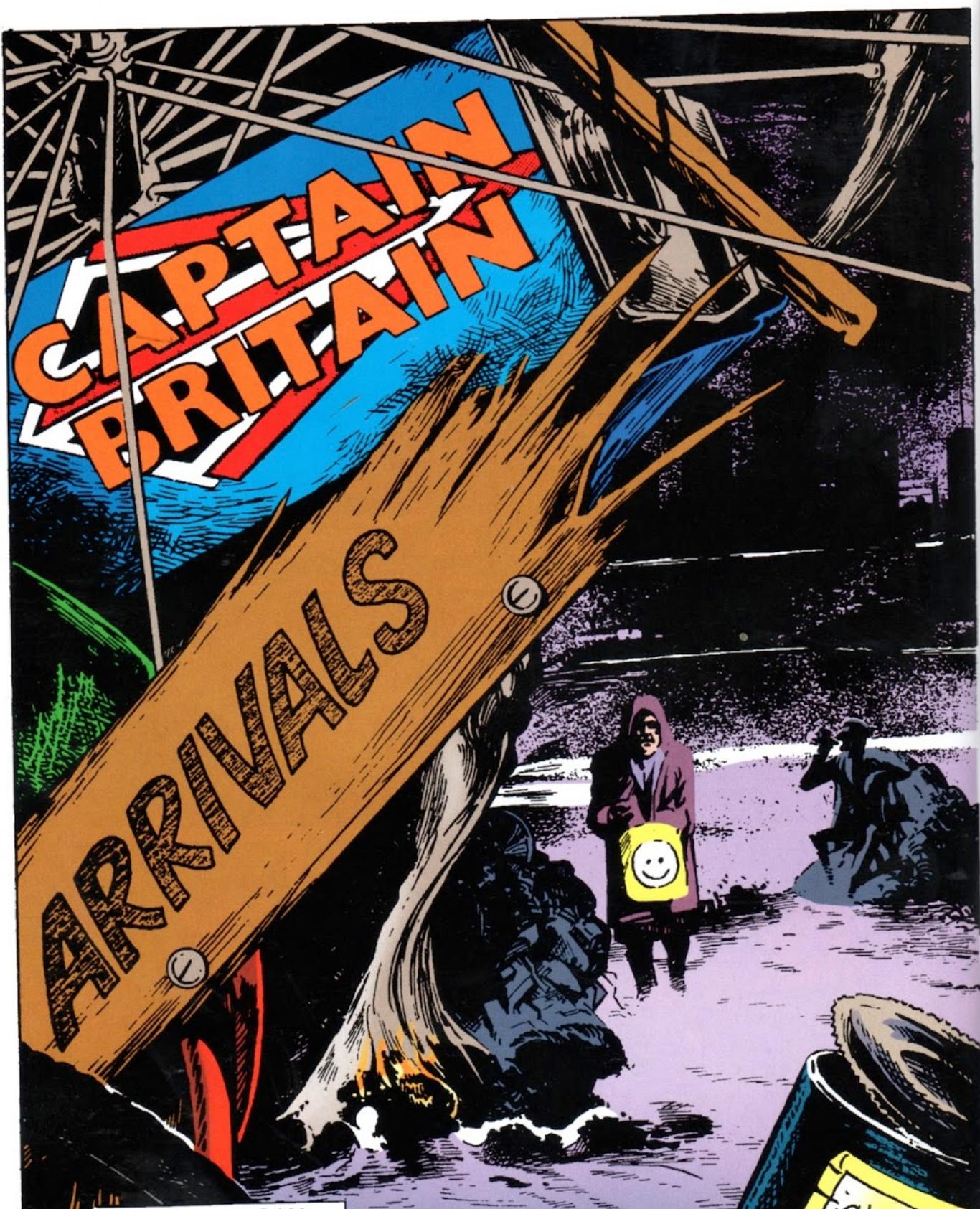
Sir James Addis
Following London

Call for
Hero Test

By Curt Vile,
Political Editor
Sir James Jas
Conservative the
for Hailepope West
ed yesterday, in
Commons for s
disciplinary measure
be brought to bear
on the recent influ
superhuman beings
have arrived in
countries, some of
thought to be Ameri
in origin. Sir Jas
pela comes after
events of last N
ember, in which
people were killed
large amounts of p
erty damaged during
fight between
superhumans in Lon
don.



NEXT > ARRIVALS.

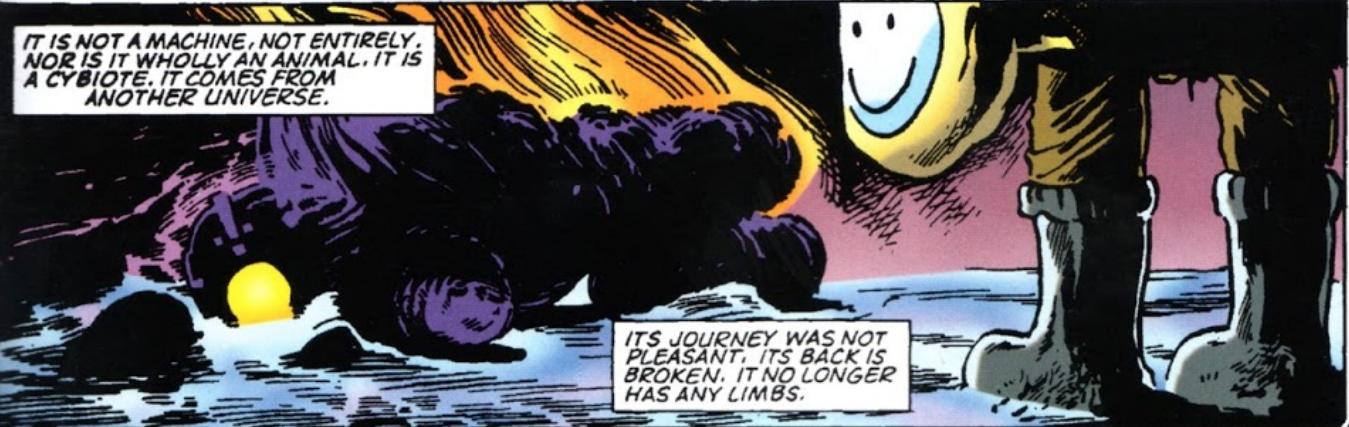


IT ARRIVED AN HOUR AGO,
SPACE BURST LIKE A BLISTER
AND IT TUMBLED OUT OF
NOWHERE.

Alan
Moore &
Alan Davis
CO-CREATORS
STEVE CRADDOCK
LETTERER
BERNIE JAYE
EDITOR



IT IS NOT A MACHINE, NOT ENTIRELY,
NOR IS IT WHOLLY AN ANIMAL. IT IS
A CYBIOTE. IT COMES FROM
ANOTHER UNIVERSE.



ITS JOURNEY WAS NOT
PLEASANT. ITS BACK IS
BROKEN. IT NO LONGER
HAS ANY LIMBS.



DURING THE LAST HOUR
IT HAS GROWN A GLAND
CAPABLE OF SECRETING
ACID AND USED IT TO
BREAK DOWN THE
SURROUNDING SCRAP
INTO A MORE ABSORB-
ABLE FORM.



IT NEEDS METAL TO
REBUILD ITSELF. METAL,
AND ONE OTHER THING...



ZIK!

MRS.
MCGEARY?



WAS THAT YOU
SAYING 'SHIZIK'
JUST NOW?

MRS.
MCGEARY?

MEANWHILE, IN A
NEARBY DIMENSION...

WHAT DO YOU
TAKE ME FOR? OF
COURSE I KNOW
WHAT I'M GETTING
INTO.

I'M IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE
FIGHTING AN ALTERNATE VERSION
OF MYSELF ALONGSIDE A GROUP
OF PARAHUMAN MERCENARIES WHO
WANT ME TO HELP THE WRONGLY
ACCUSED MAJESTRIX OF ...

DO YOU EVER GET
HALFWAY THROUGH
A SENTENCE AND
FIND YOURSELF
UNABLE TO BELIEVE
THAT YOU'RE
ACTUALLY
SAYING IT?

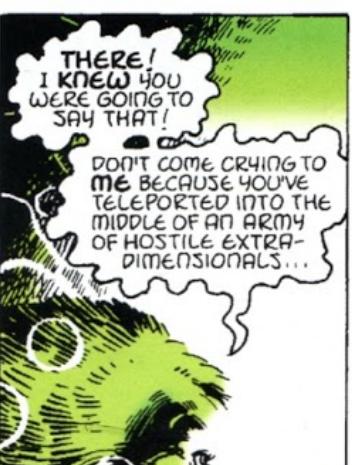
BY 'ECK, LAD...
I 'OPE THA KNOWS,
WHAT THA'S GETTIN'
INTO 'ERE.

NO.

HELL,
I KNEW
THIS WAS
GOING TO

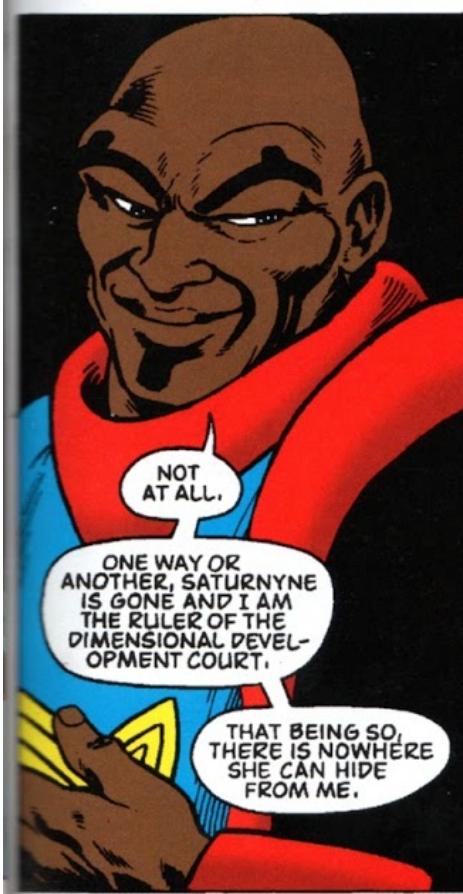


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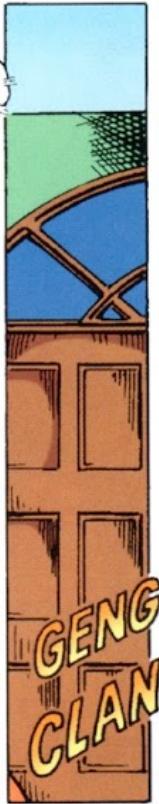








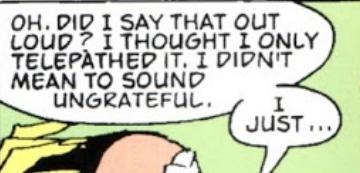
...WITH YOUR
BROTHER...

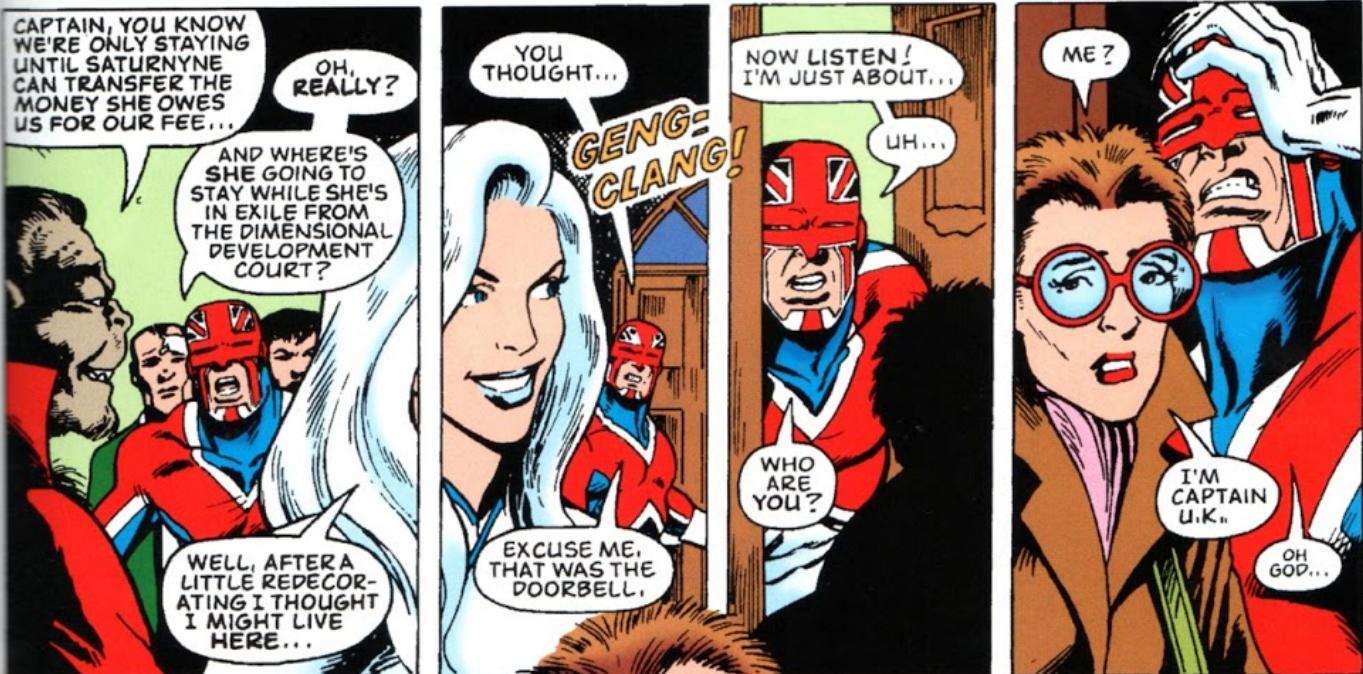


GOOD MORNING, BETSY.



...WITH YOUR
BROTHER...

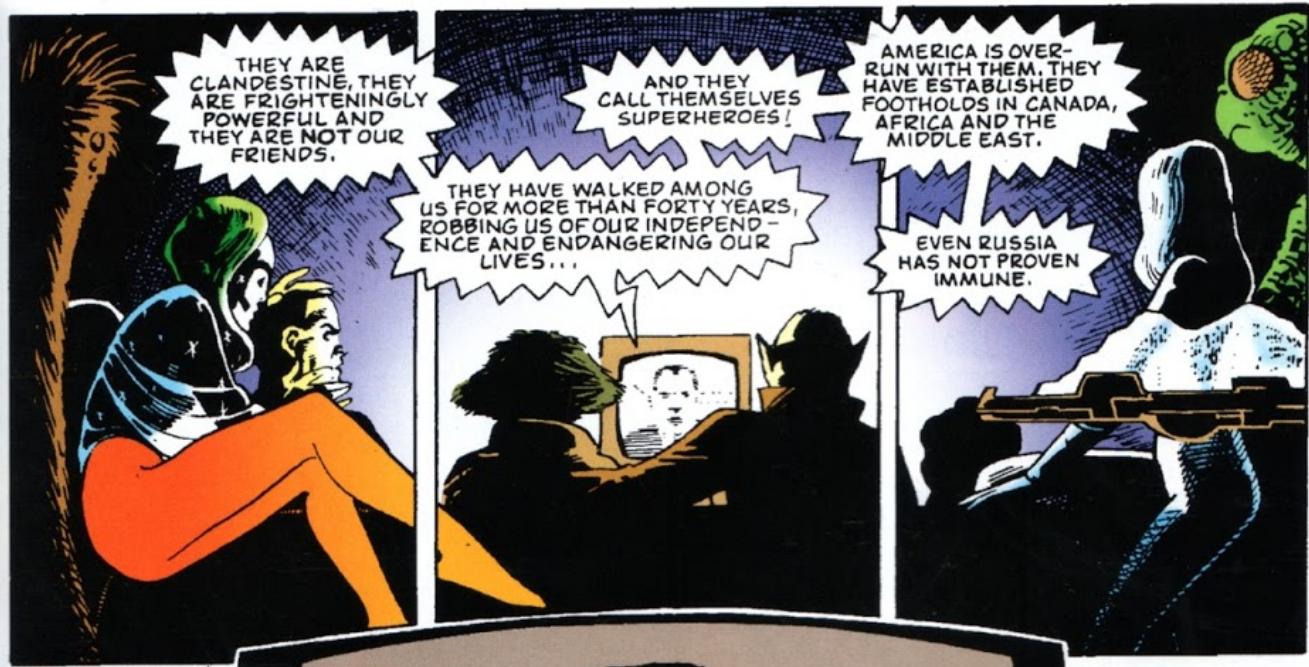








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HUNDREDS!

WE HAVE ENCOURAGED THEM! LAST MONTH, PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN GRANTED A FULL PARDON TO THE MINDLESS ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION KNOWN AS THE HULK.

HOW DO YOU CONTAIN A BEING THAT CAN UPROOT MOUNTAINS OR WALK THROUGH WALLS?

SIR JAMES JASPER, M.P.

HOW DO YOU REPRIMAND CREATURES THAT ARE INDESTRUCTIBLE, THAT CAN BEND THE VERY LIGHTNING TO THEIR WILL?

HOW DO WE SUPPRESS THE SUPERMEN?

BUT LET THEM KNOW THIS...

IMPREGNABLE THOUGH THEY MAY BE, HUMANITY IS AWARE OF THE MENACE THEY POSE. WE HAVE CLOSED OUR RANKS AGAINST THEM AND WE STAND DETERMINED...

...WAITING TO SEE WHO WILL MAKE THE NEXT MOVE.

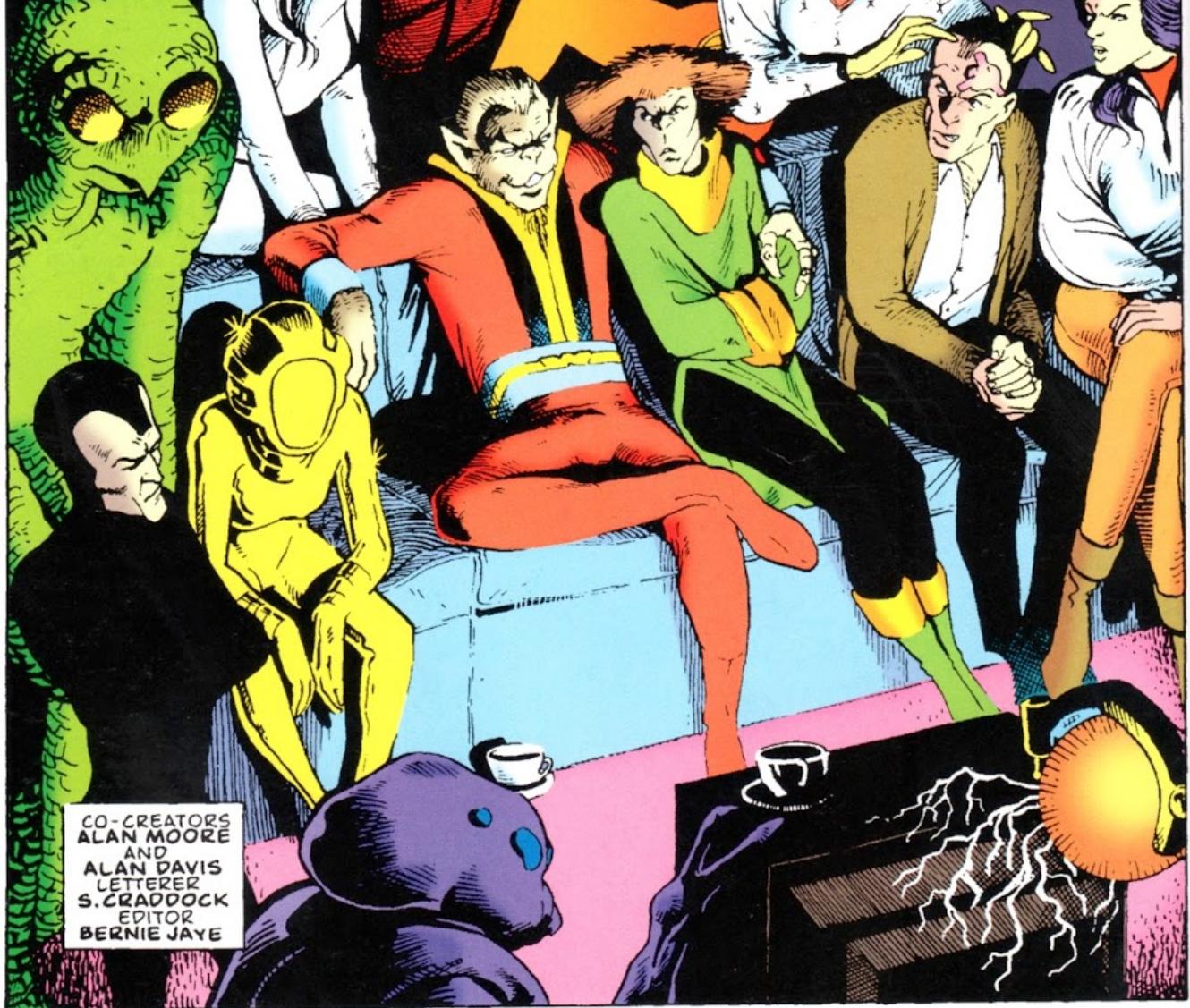
STALE... MATE.

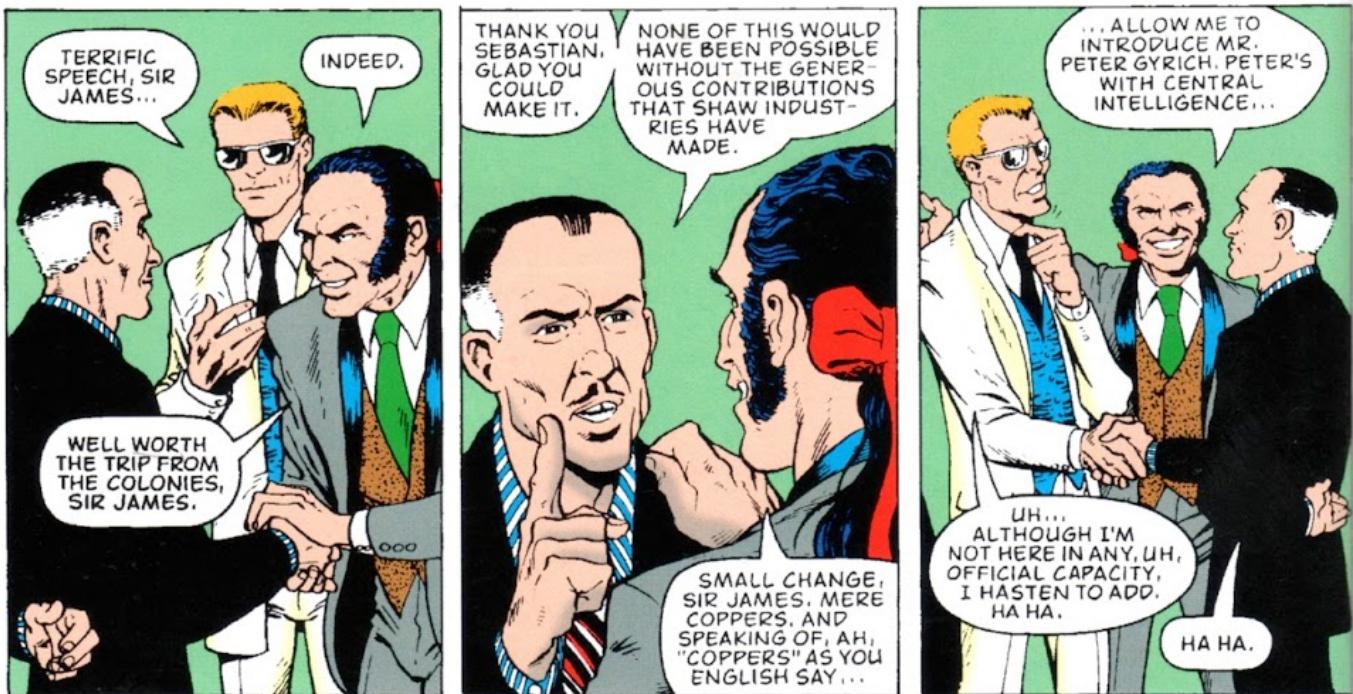
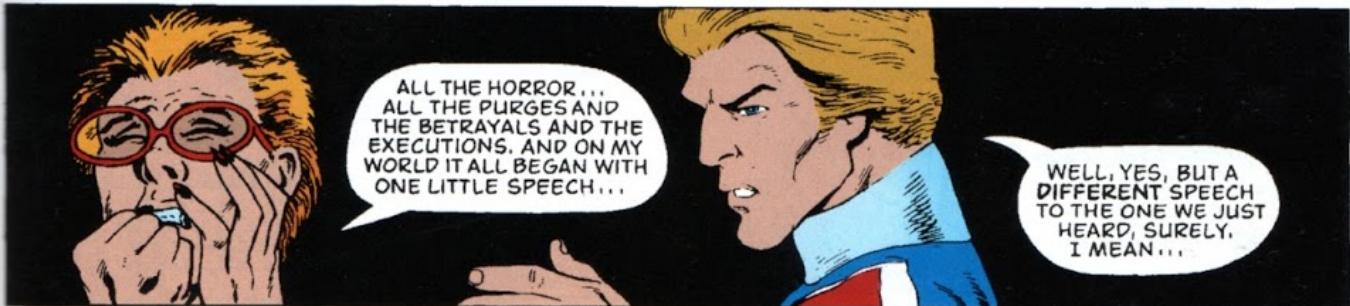


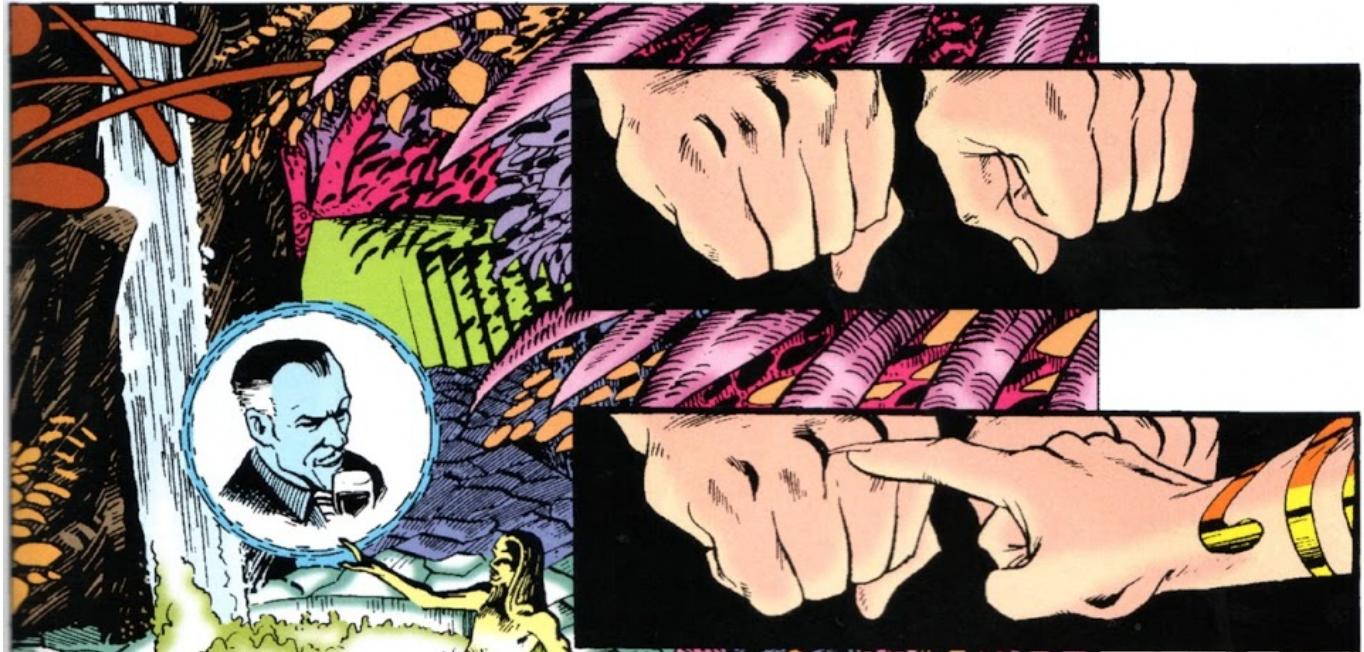
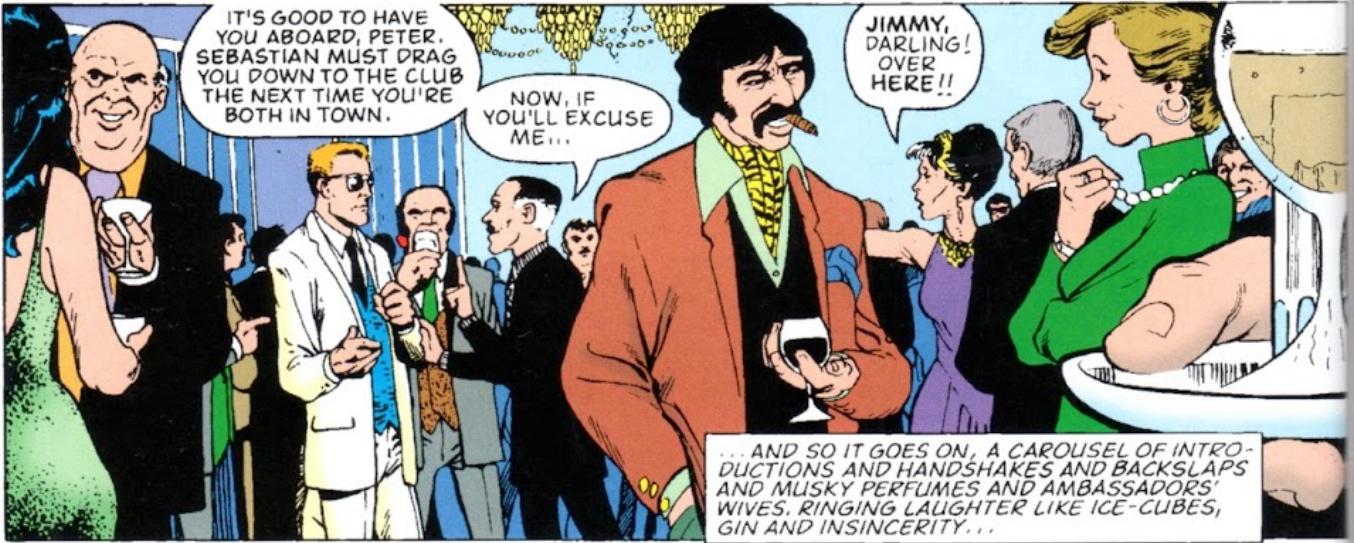
WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WORLD

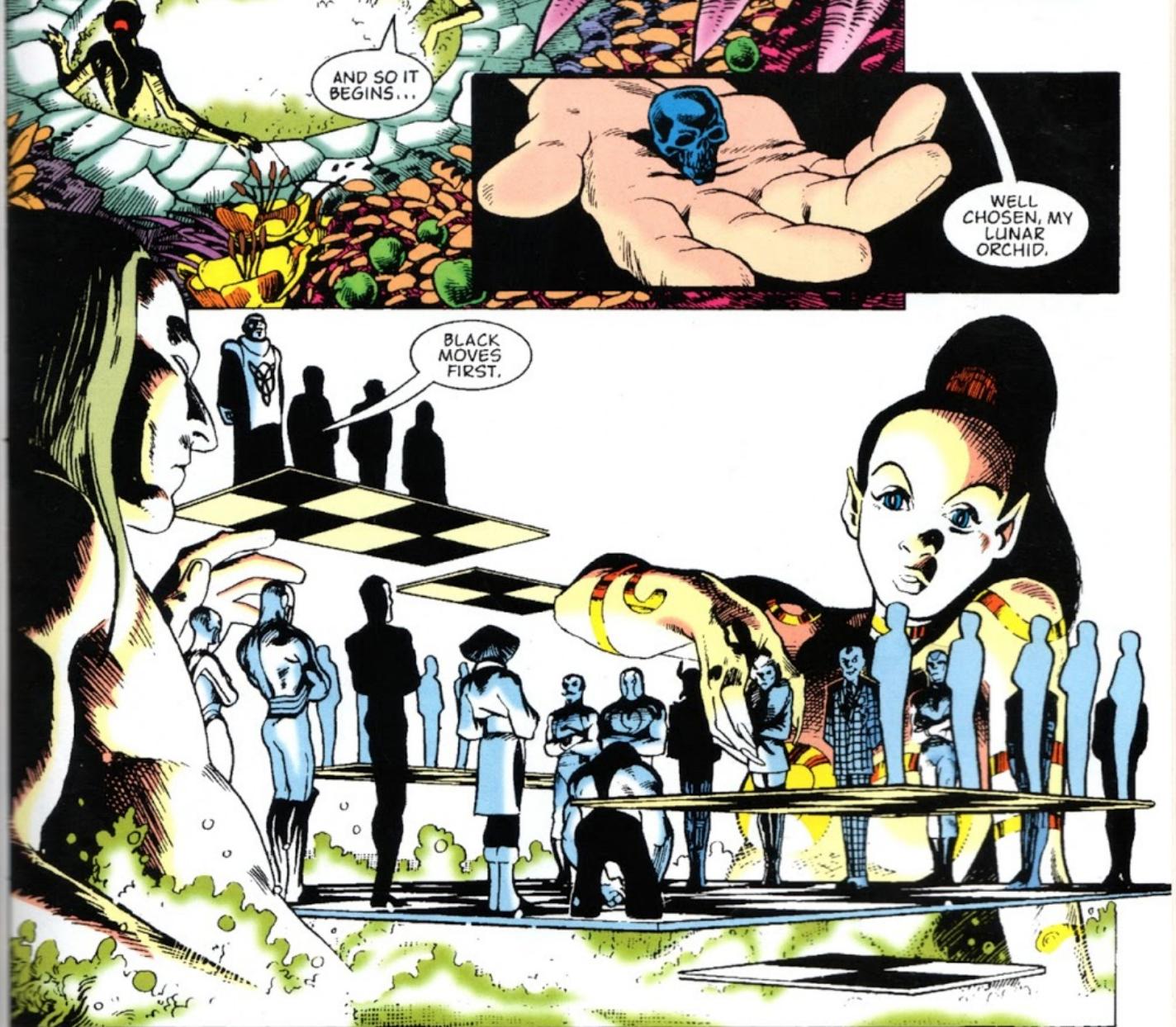
CAPTAIN BRITAIN













YOUR FORCES NOW
CONTROL S.T.R.I.K.E. FROM
WITHIN, DO THEY NOT?



STALE...

LEGION, THAT'S
THE FIFTH STALE-
MATED GAME YOU'VE
PLAYED AGAINST
YOURSELF
TONIGHT.

CAN'T YOU
TAKE UP
SOMETHING LESS
PREDICTABLE
AND
IRRITATING?

COME ON...

WE'VE GOT TO
WORK OUT WHAT
WE'RE GOING TO
DO ABOUT THIS
SITUATION.

ZEITGEIST...

NO, COME ON,
WARDOG! WE'RE
ONLY HERE UNTIL
SATURNyne PAYS
US THE MONEY
WE'RE DUE.



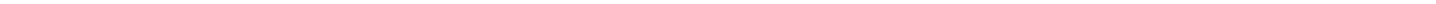
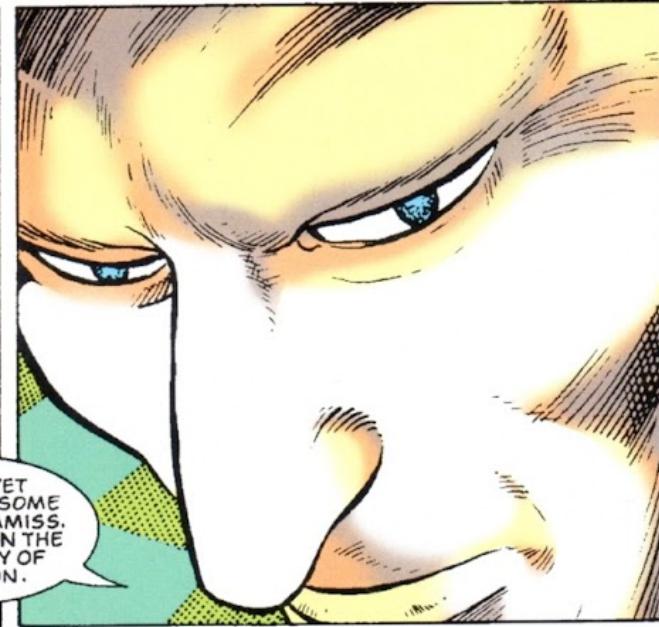
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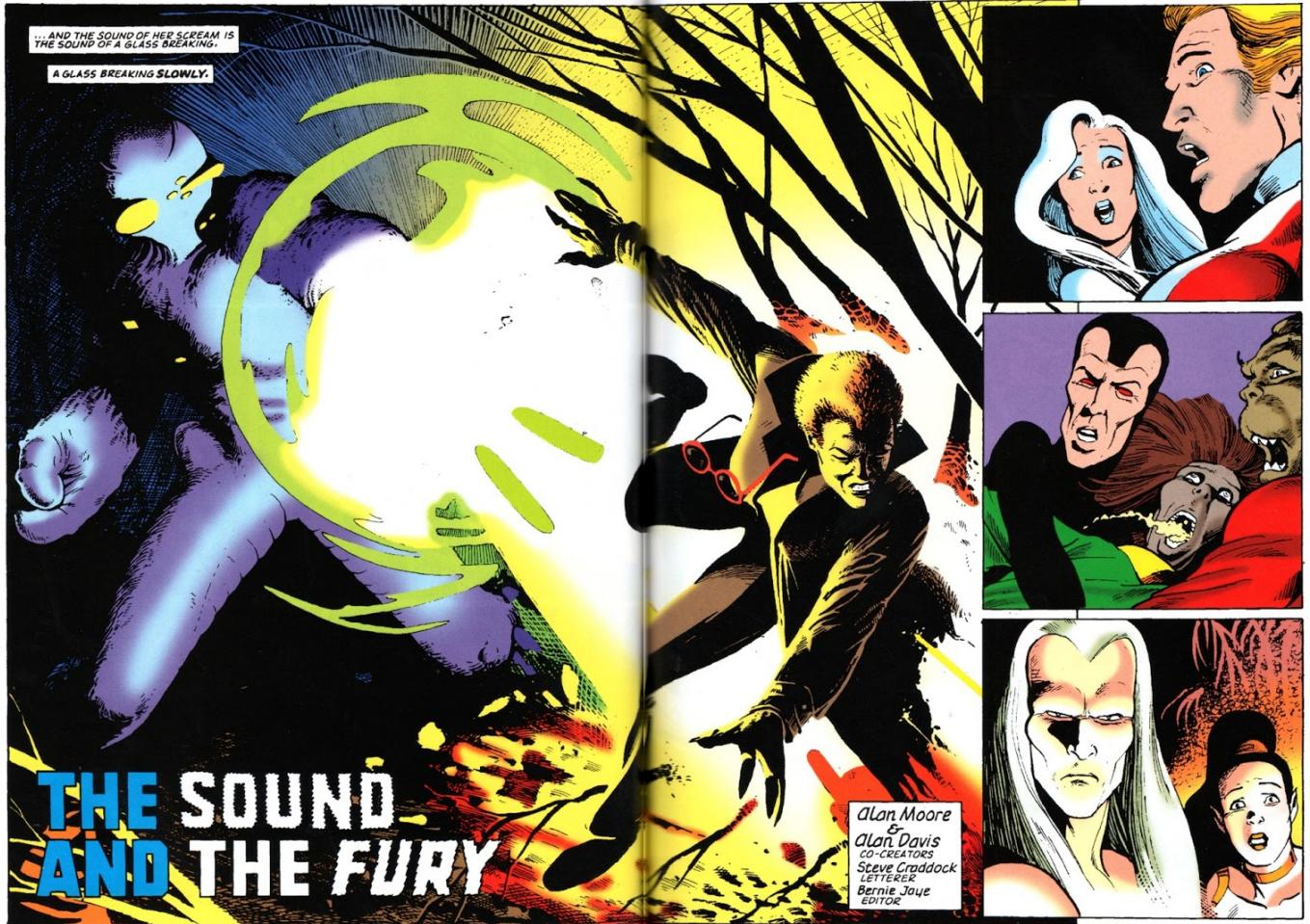
NO!





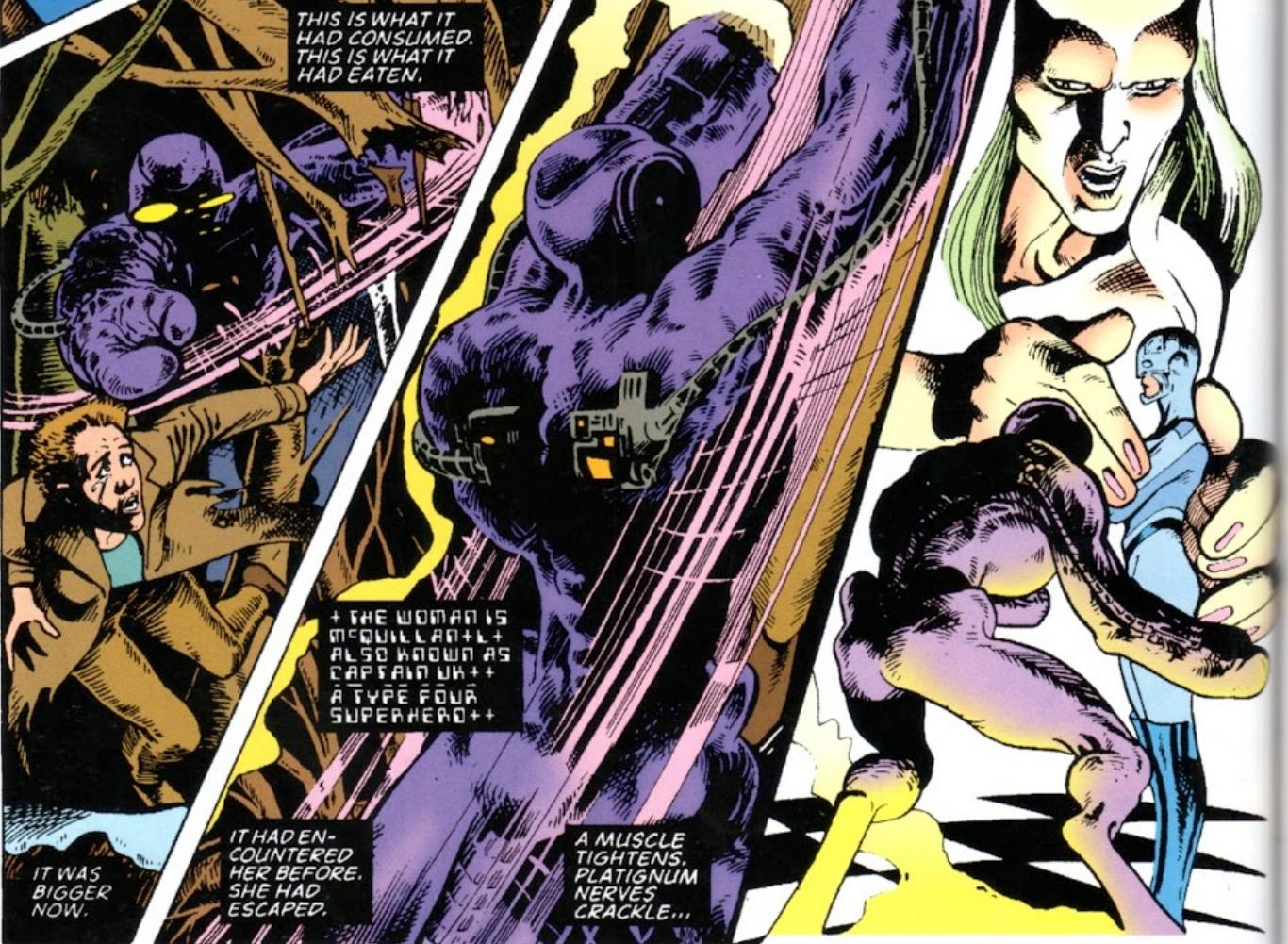






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"... BUT BY DOUBLING BACK ON HIS OWN TIME-LINE HE CAN SUMMON COUNTLESS "LEGIONS", EACH SEPARATED BY A SPLIT INSTANT.

UNFORTUNATELY, YOU ONLY HAVE TO KILL ONE AND ALL THE OTHERS UP THE TIMELINE FROM THAT POINT VANISH FOREVER...

... CROWD.

... AND THAT THING'S JUST DONE IT.

"LEGION'S DEAD..."

**U
A
R
R**

"AND A WEEK FROM NOW, CATCHING UP WITH THE INSTANT OF HIS DEATH, HE WILL BLINK OUT OF EXISTENCE."

"FOUR DAYS FROM NOW WE WILL MAKE LOVE FOR THE LAST TIME. AFTERWARDS, I CRY..."

"BUT WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT?"

"AND AFTER THAT..."

"WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT?"

"I DIDN'T SEE IT COMING... LEGION DEAD... WARDOG CRIPPLED..."

"I'M MAKING LOVE TO LEGION. I'M SCATTERING HIS ASHES. I'M MEETING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME. I'M CRYING..."

"AND WHY DIDN'T I SEE IT COMING?"

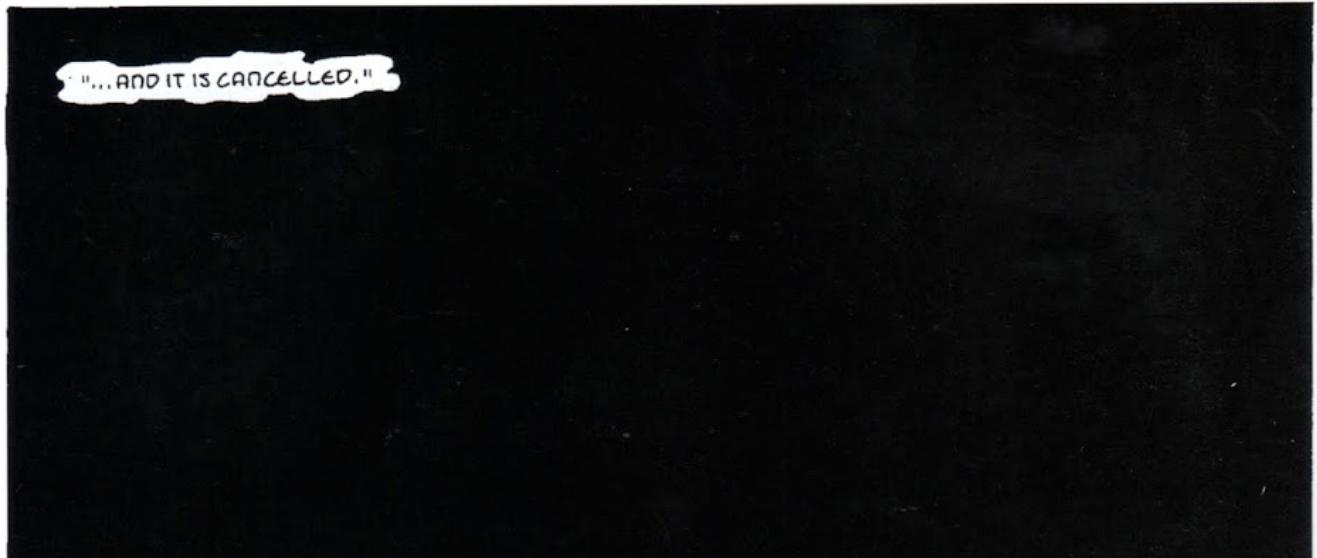
"THAT THING OUTSIDE... IT JUST KILLS AND KILLS... MCQUILLAN SCREAMING... IT KILLED HER LOVER TOO... HER BLADDER, LETTING GO..."

"ALL STRATEGIES ARE SHREDDED IN THE RANDOM WIND... NOTHING IS CERTAIN NOW..."





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UAAARRR!!

IT'S BLACK.

AND IT'S
COMFORTABLE.



WHERE
IS HE?

HE HAD BEEN TALKING
TO THE WOMAN, LINDA
MCQUILLAN, CAPTAIN
U.K. . .



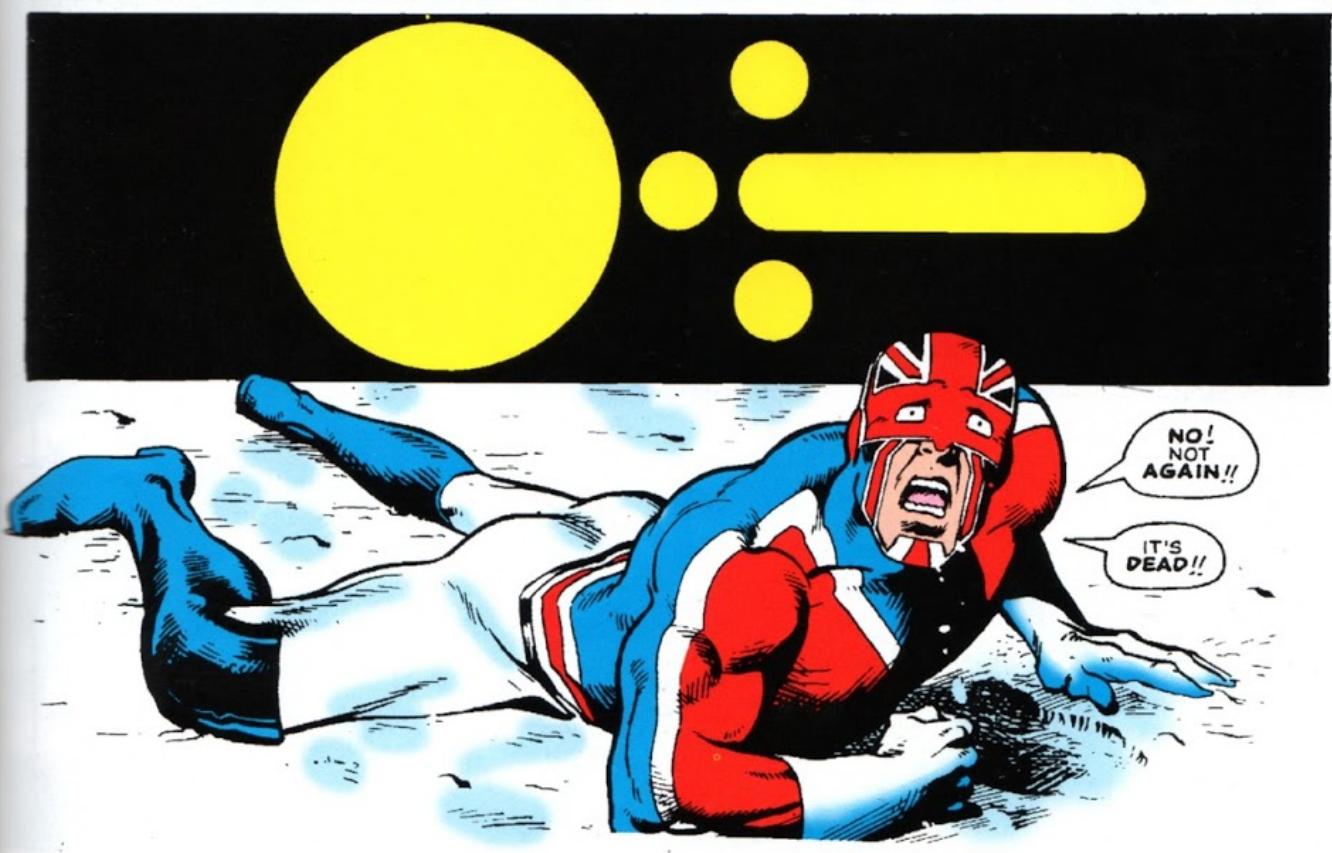
SHE HAD WALKED AWAY FROM HIM,
WHITE COAT VANISHING OVER THE
DARK LAWNS OF BRADDOCK MANOR...

AND THEN
A SCREAM.

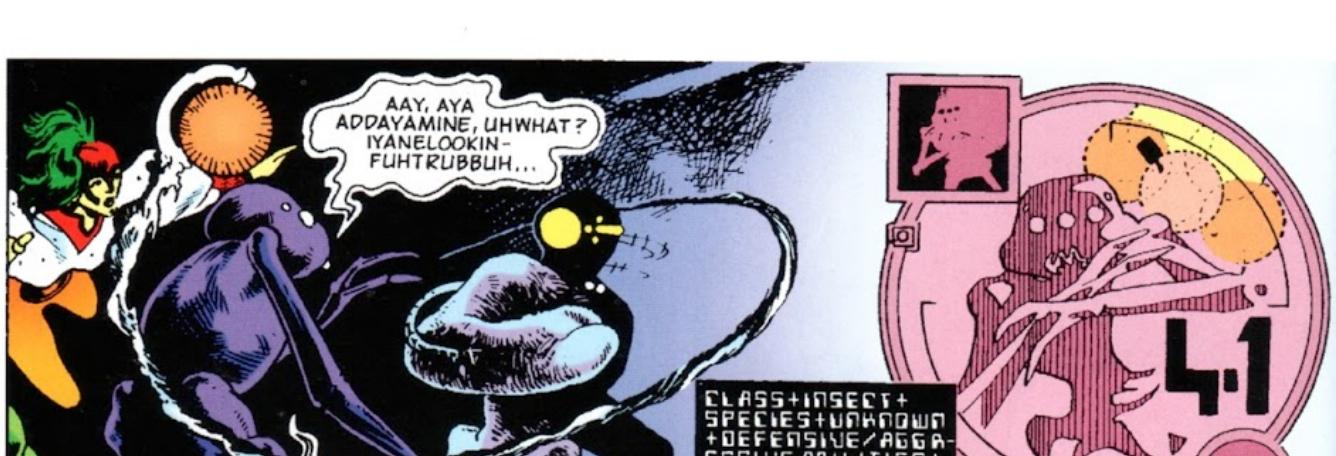
THE SHRILL, HOPELESS SCREAM
OF AN ANIMAL, PARALYSED WITH
TERROR...



HE'D GONE TO INVESTIGATE,
NATURALLY. THE THING HAD
BEEN STANDING ASTRIDE HER.
IT KNOCKED HIM DOWN. HE
GOT UP AGAIN. IT TURNED TO
FACE HIM. HE SAW WHAT IT
WAS...









FEMALE+HIGH ENERGY
FIELD+ABILITIES: UN-
KNOWN+THREAT POTENT-
IAL: UNKNOWN+++





...SLOWLY.

ELANASISSE
SPEESEASIVE
+PRESEWELLONEST
WEELQUBLE++

DUNASAREA
STRABEFIDP

...SLOWLY.

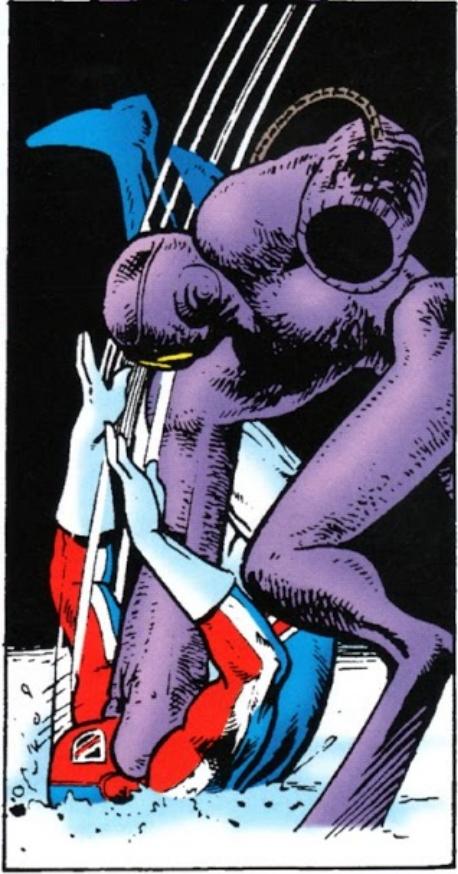
...SLOWLY.



AND THEN
IT HITS HER.

IT LEARNS.



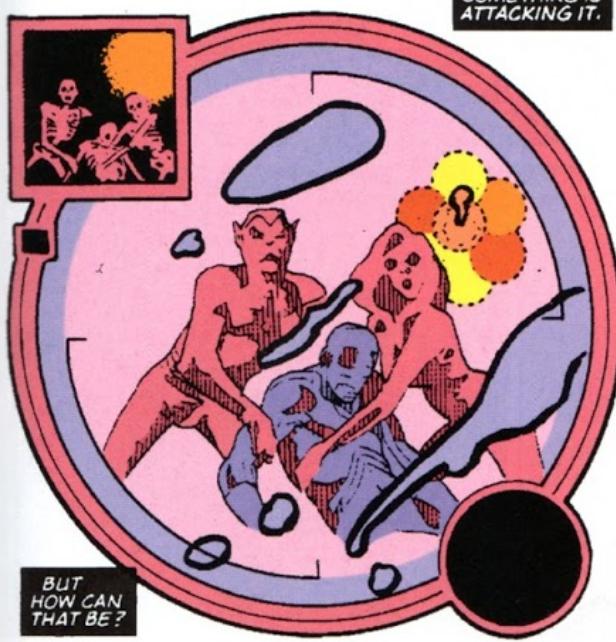


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WHILE
OTHERS ONLY
LEARN WHEN
IT'S ALMOST
TOO LATE.



SOMETHING IS
ATTACKING IT.



IT TRIES FOR
AN INFRA-RED
INDICATION.

IT TRIES TO PICK UP
UP BRAIN WAVES.

FRANTICALLY, IT
SEARCHES FOR
THE MOST BASIC
MOLECULAR
ACTIVITY.

ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING.





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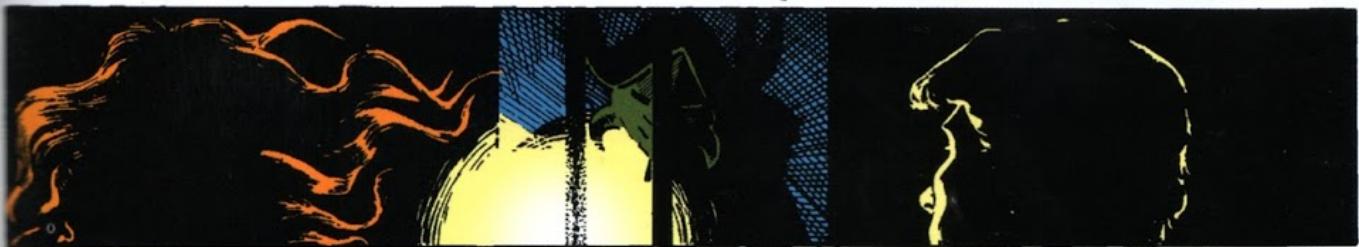




SKKRITCH

SKKRETCH





"...IN A FOODLINE."



FROM THE WEB

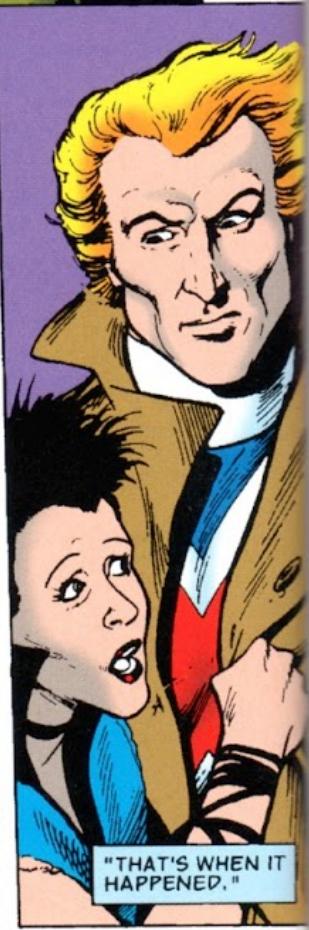
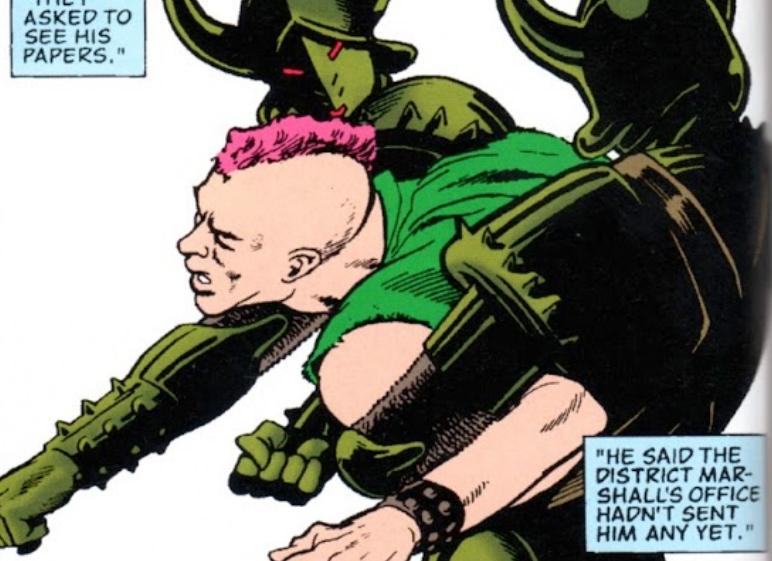
BY ZERGNET



Laura From 'Family Matters' is 43 Now and an Absolute Bombshell

Lex From 'Jurassic Park' is an Absolute Bombshell Today at 39







"AND THEN THE FOODLINE JUST PARTED AROUND HIM, AND HE JUST STOOD THERE."

"AND WAS HE AS BIG AS THEY SAY? DID HE STAND UP STRAIGHT AND HAVE GOLDEN HAIR AND BURNING EYES?"

"THAT'S WHAT I HEARD."



"AND THEN ALL OF THE BEETLES RUSHED HIM AT ONCE."

"ALL OF THEM? YOU SAID THERE WERE ONLY TWO."



"DID I? I MUST HAVE FORGOT ABOUT THE OTHERS."

"ACTUALLY, THERE WERE ABOUT THIRTY."



"THIRTY! AND DID HE BEAT THEM?"



"NO I DIDN'T. THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF THEM."



"...AND THEN HE GOT AWAY."

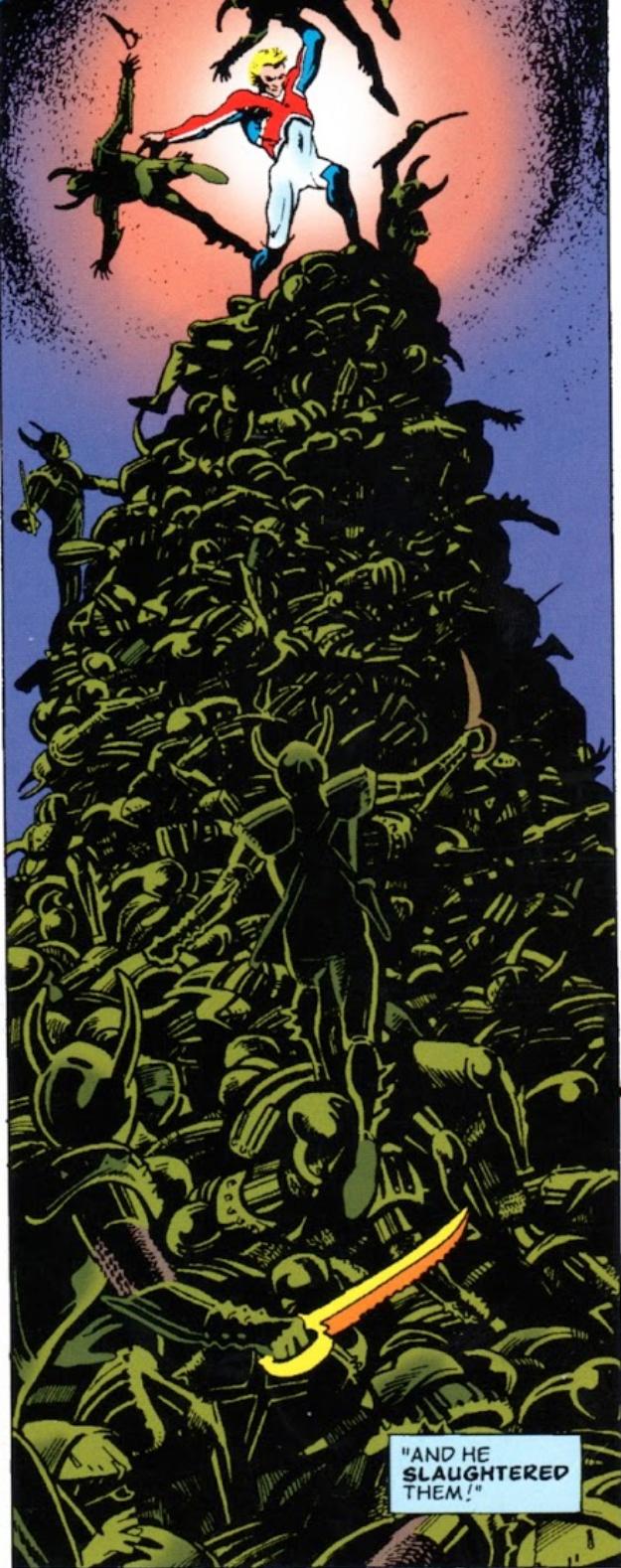
"WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?"



"BEAT THEM?"

"HE SLAUGHTERED THEM.
AT THE END HE WAS
FIGHTING ON TOP OF A
PILE OF BODIES, FIFTY MEN
DEEP!"

"YOU SAID THIRTY."



"AND HE
SLAUGHTERED
THEM!"



"SOMEONE SAID HE'D COME DOWN FROM THE NORTH, MARCHING INTO LONDON WITH AN ARMY OF TELEPATHS AND SUPERHEROES BEHIND HIM."

PLATFORM
6



"AND SOMEONE SAID HE'D BEEN TORTURED, AND INFORMED ON ALL HIS FRIENDS."

"THE FAT GIRL IN THE END BLOCK SAID THAT. LAST WEEK."



HOW
DID THEY
GET YOU
THEN?





IN YOUR
HEARTS YOU
KNOW HE'S
RIGHT!

...AND
G'NIGHT TO
YOU TOO,
ENGLAND.

HIGH
VOLTAGE

NEXT > THE
TWISTED WORLD
(REPRISE)

CAMP

CAPTAIN
BRITAIN

PROLOGUE:
IT'S ENGLAND...

DR. MAN

...NOT THAT YOU'D EVER KNOW.

UH...
I THINK WE GOT A READIN' TONY...

The TWISTED WORLD (REPRISE)

YOU'RE JOKIN', THERE'S NOTHING UP HERE BUT RUBBLE.

DUNNO WHY THE VIXEN SENT US OUT HERE.

SHE RUNS S.T.R.I.K.E. NOW, SHE'S GOT ACCESS TO THEIR FILES, SHE KNOWS S.T.R.I.K.E. BOMBED BRADDOCK MANOR YEARS AGO...

MAYBE SHE'S SUSPICIOUS OF OLD STATELY HOMES. REMEMBER THAT RICH OLD BAG WE PULLED LAST WEEK? LADY FARNSWORTH?

AH WELL, SPOSE WE BETTER GO AN' CHECK IT OUT...

AY, WAS IT REALLY LAST WEEK THEY NICKED FARNSWORTH? I THOUGHT THAT WAS MONTHS AGO...

ANYWAY, THIS SENSOR'S SCREWED UP. LOOK AT THE NEEDLE... SHE'S RIGHT OFF THE DIAL, MAN.

BESIDES, THERE'S PLENTY MORE WIERDOHS IN THE CITY TO TRACK DOWN...

TURNS OUT SHE USED TO BE A SUPER-WOMAN BACK IN W.W.II...

STRONG READIN' DOWN HERE...

YEAH... I KNOW, I KEEP LOSING TRACK OF TIME, TOO, WORLD'S A FUNNY PLACE THESE DAYS, ENNIT?

EVER SINCE THAT JASPER'S BLOKE GOT IT.

DID YOU HEAR, THEY'VE STARTED CALLING HIM 'MAD JIM' UP AT WEST-MINSTER. MAKES YOU THINK, DUNNIT?

WELL, THIS IS IT...

BLOODY HELL...

**ALAN MOORE &
ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
S. CRADDOCK
LETTERER
TIM HAMPSON
EDITOR**

...HERE IN THESE CAVERNS, THESE MASSIVE CAVERNS...

WHAT'S THAT?

...WHERE EACH STALAC-TITE, EACH OUTCROP OF ROCK IS LACED WITH THE MIRACULOUS CIRCUITRY OF A MACHINE NEAR-ORGANIC IN COMPLEXITY.

IT'S BEEN RECUPERATING, MENDING, LEARNING, ABSORBING...

IT'S BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE NOW.

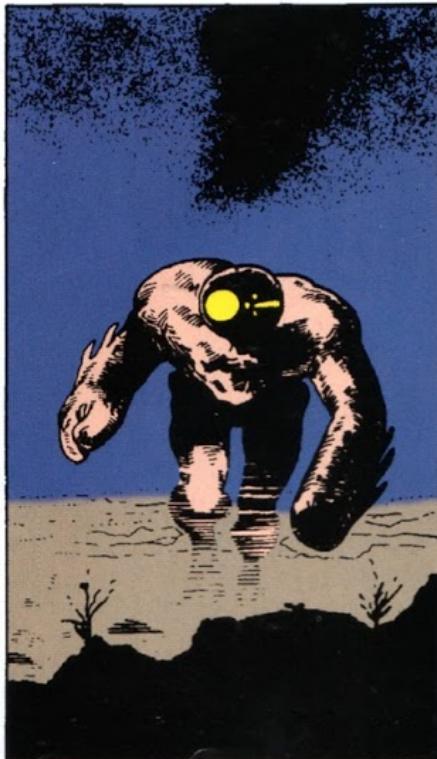
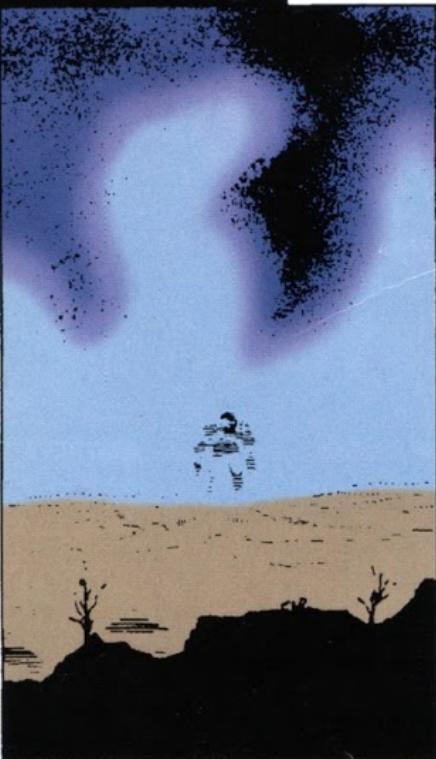
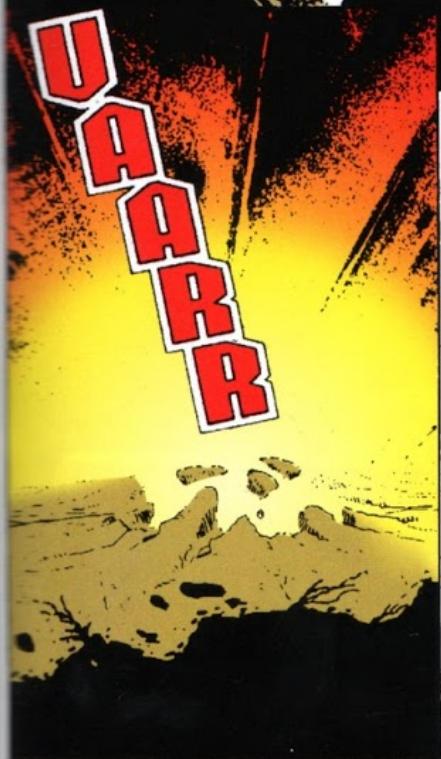
UH, TONY, PASS ME A NEURAL GRENADE, WOULDJA? THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE A BIT'VAN 'ARD CASE...

OH, I DUNNO. YOU SHOULD TRY TALKIN' TO IT. YOU NEVER KNOW...

P'RAPS IT'LL GIVE UP.

U
A
A
R
R

IT'S BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE NOW...





THIS IS
WHAT IT WAS
LIKE...

... BACK ON
EARTH 238 BEFORE
THE REALITY
BREAKDOWN.

YES,
I KNOW.

IT'S THIS EARTH'S
VERSION OF JIM JASPER.
HE'S GOING THE SAME WAY
AS HIS PARALLEL WORLD
PREDECESSOR.

REALITY'S
STARTING TO
BEND AND WARP.
EVENTS HAPPEN
OUT OF
SEQUENCE...

SATURNYNE, YOU
SAID THAT LAST TIME,
"YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOME-
THING." YOU SAID IT ABOUT
FIVE MINUTES BEFORE YOU
SCOOTED OFF, LEAVING ME
AND JACKDAW TO DIE...

NOT ME,
SATURNYNE,
NOT THIS
TIME.

WE CAN'T
LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.
YOU'VE GOT TO
DO SOME-
THING.

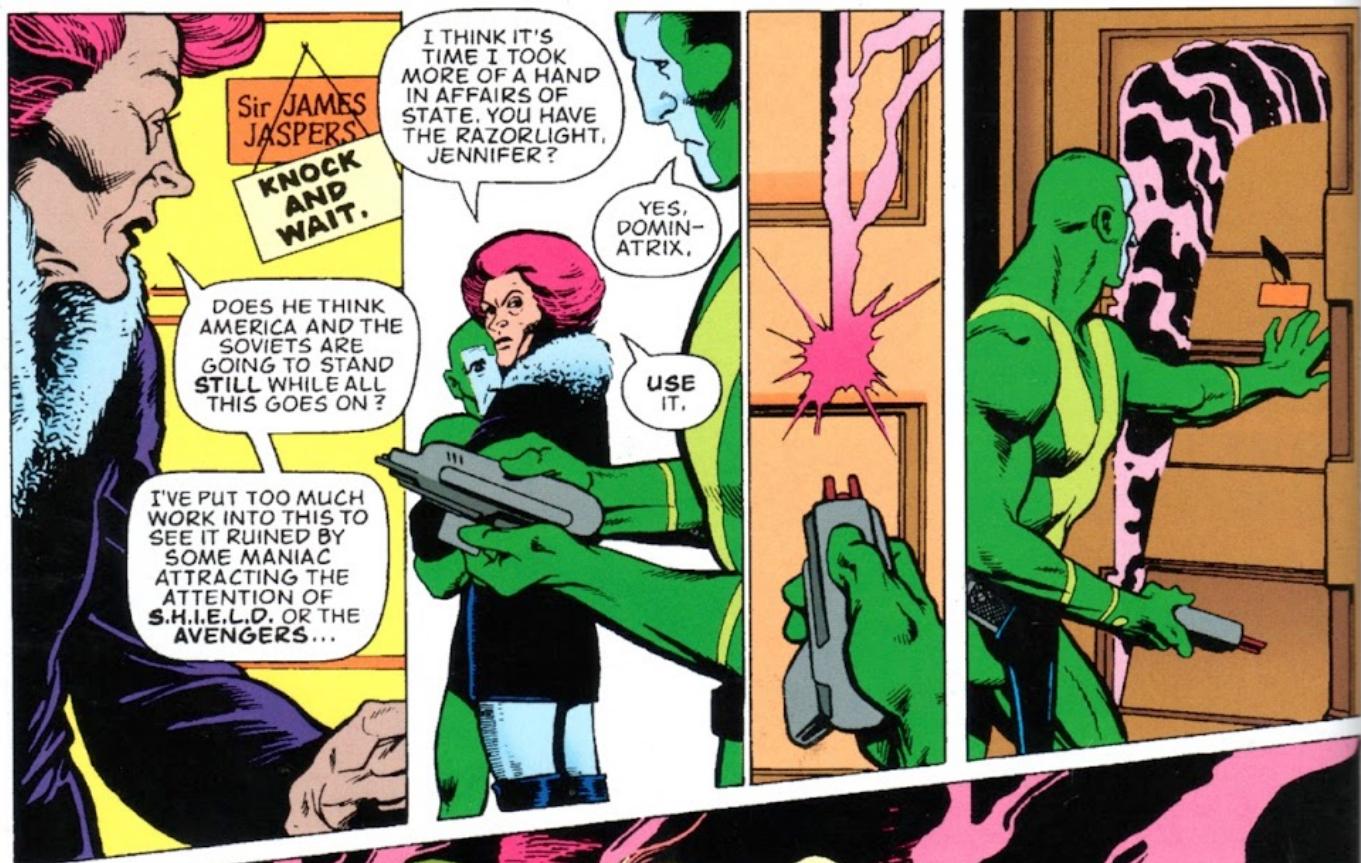
CAPTAIN...
BRIAN, LOOK...

IT'S DIFFERENT
THIS TIME. THE
CHIPS ARE DOWN
NOW, BESIDES, I NO
LONGER HAVE THE
POWER TO LEAVE.

WE'D ALL BE
STANDING BE-
HIND YOU THIS
TIME.

OH REALLY?

JASPER'S
ELECTION
LANDSLIDE!



IT'S ABOUT THE
ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT, I
TAKE IT?

MY GOD.

WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

"CAN I DO YOU
NOW, SIR?" KNOW
WHAT I MEAN?

LET'S TWIST
AGAIN, VIXEN,
LIKE WE DID
LAST SUMMER...

I FEEL
YOUNG! ALIVE!
I WANT... TO
DANCE!!

JENNIFER...

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THAT IS...

...BUT
KILL IT.
QUICKLY.

DOMINATRIX,
I...

DON'T
FEEL
TOO...

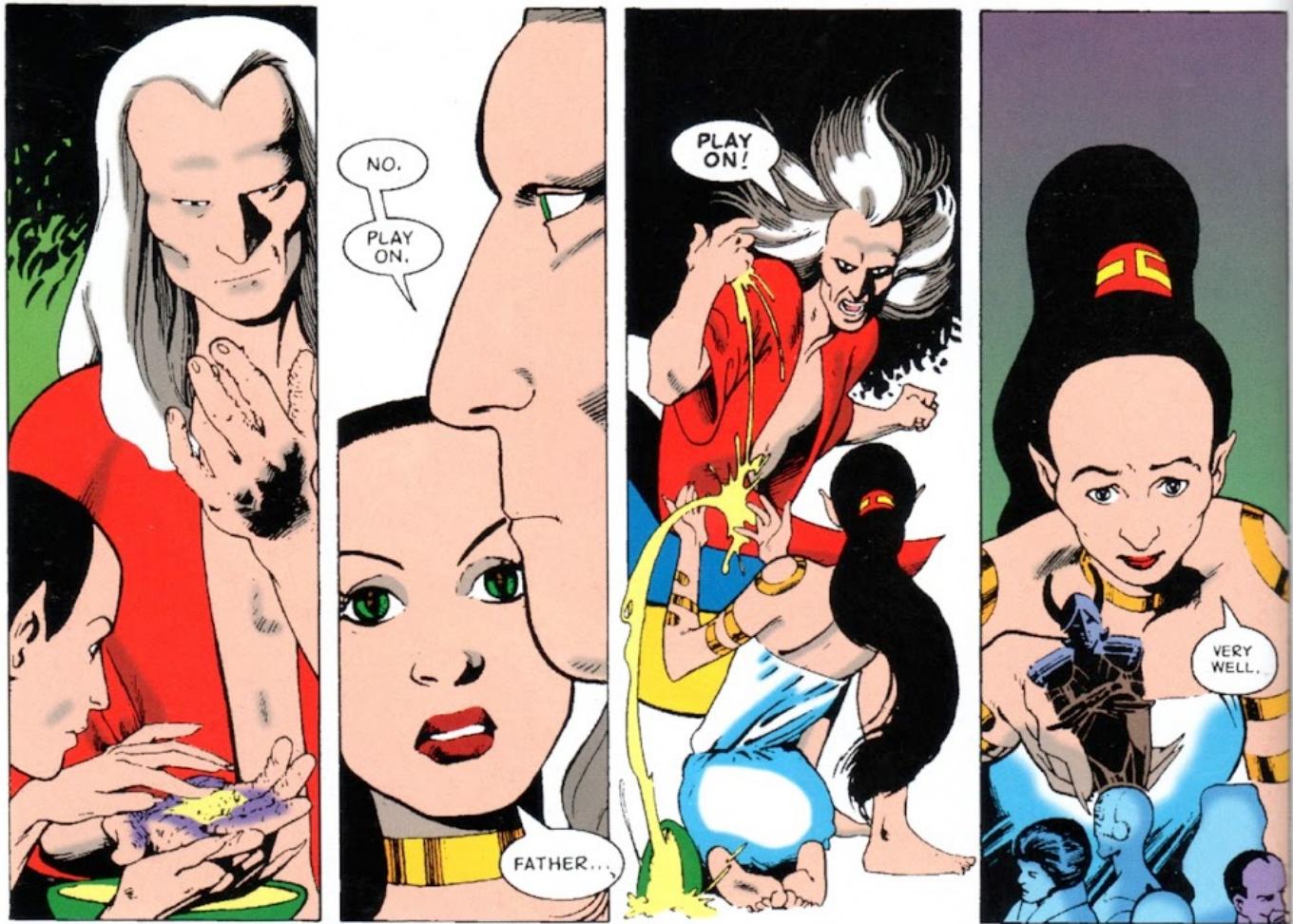
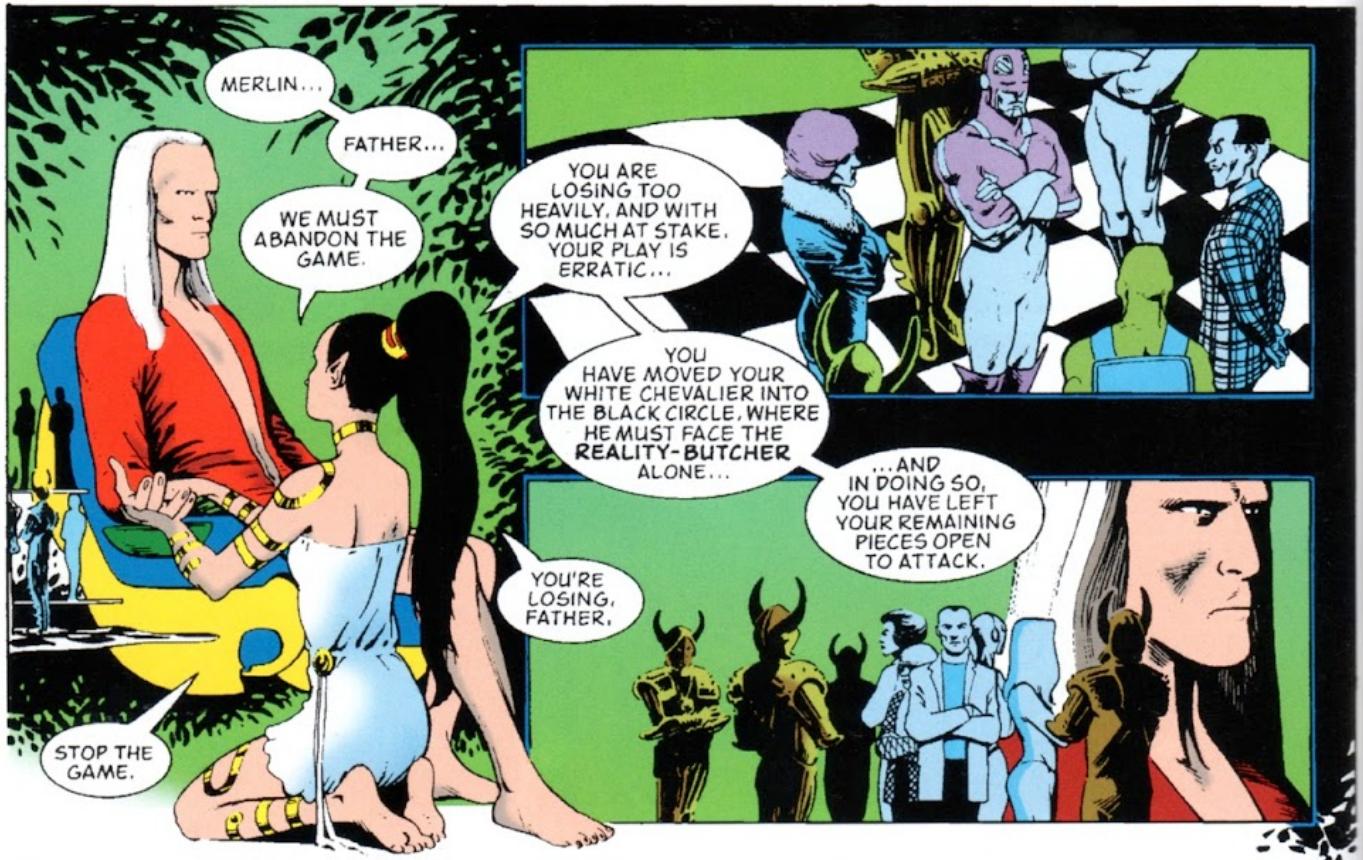
GUH.



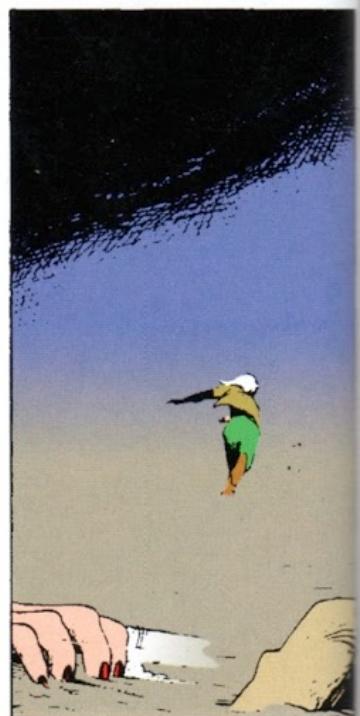




NEXT > MADWAR!



















NEXT>
ANARCHY
IN THE U.K.

SHE TOOK OFF HER COAT WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, AND LIKEWISE THE SHIRT. THE TRAPPED LOOK IN HER EYES GREW MORE INTENSE...



THERE WAS AN ARGUMENT ABOUT THE JEANS. SHE CRIED AND WANTED TO KEEP THEM ON.



FINE, NOW THE HELMET.

PLEASE...
I FEEL SICK...
I CAN'T...

NO DICE.



THERE WAS NO
TURNING BACK
NOW.

CO-CREATORS:
ALAN MOORE
ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER-
S.CRADDOCK
EDITOR-
T.HAMPSON

NOT FOR
ANYBODY.

ANARCHY IN THE UK



AREN'T YOU DEAD? WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

FIGHTING JAS PERS. HE USED HIS REALITY-WARPING POWERS ON YOU...

IT MADE YOU RUN AROUND LIKE AN IDIOT SHOUTING GIBBERISH AT EVERYBODY.

AND YET...

JACKDAW?

WHEN DID I TELL YOU THAT MY PARENTS WERE DEAD?

JACKDAW? ARE YOU GOING TO ANSWER ME?

OKAY. THAT...

...TEARS IT?

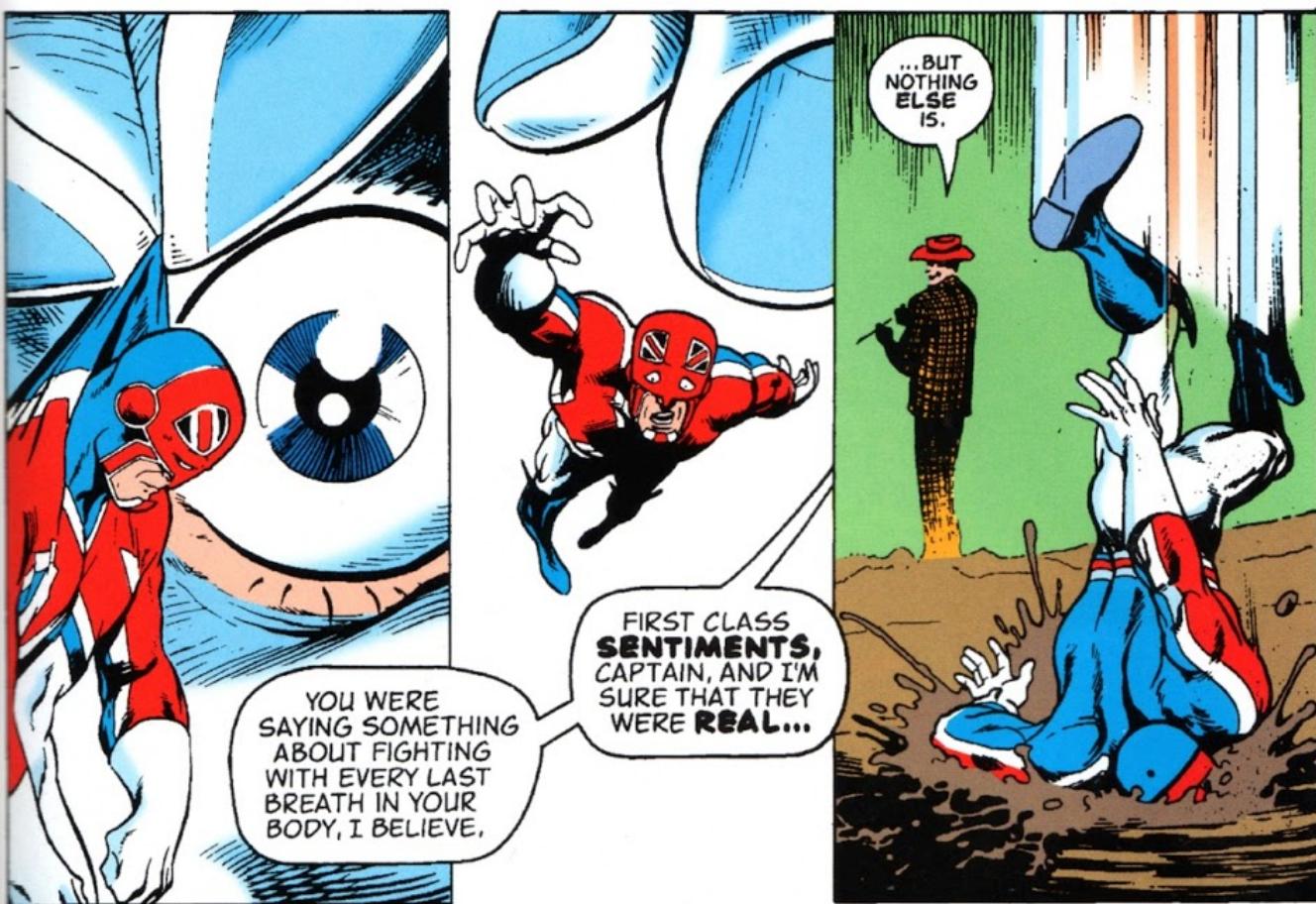
THE CRAZY GANG WITH THEIR MARBLED EYES





HE DOESN'T REMEMBER THE ACCIDENT UP AT DARKMOOR OR ANYTHING!

LIGHT.



EVERYTHING ELSE IS MUCH MORE INTERESTING NOW, DON'T YOU THINK?

ALWAYS MOVING, ALWAYS CHANGING. A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A REST, AS THE ACTRESS SAID TO THE BISHOP.

...AND THEN AGAIN, VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE AND IT'D BE A DULL OLD WORLD IF WE WERE ALL THE SAME.

DIE!!









PRIMARY TARGET
LOCATED+TERMIN-
ATION SEQUENCE
COMMENCED+++

NEXT>
FOOLSMATE

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BUT IT IS VERY FAST...

...AND VERY STRONG.

IT IS A BEAST OF SINGULAR PURPOSE.

ITS PURPOSE IS TO FIND,
ITS PURPOSE IS TO FOLLOW,

AND TO CATCH.

AND TO KILL.

REALLY, IT DOESN'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

FOOLSMATE

CO-CREATORS -
ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER -
S. CRADDOCK
EDITOR -
TIM HAMPSON

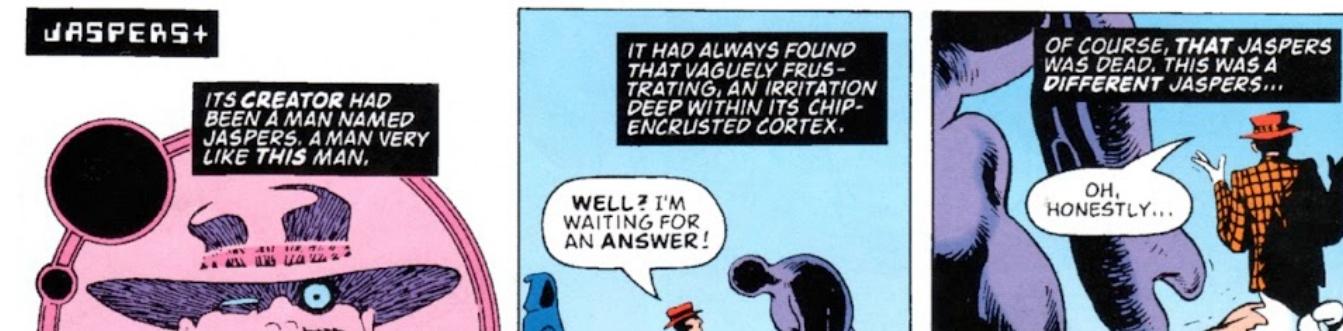
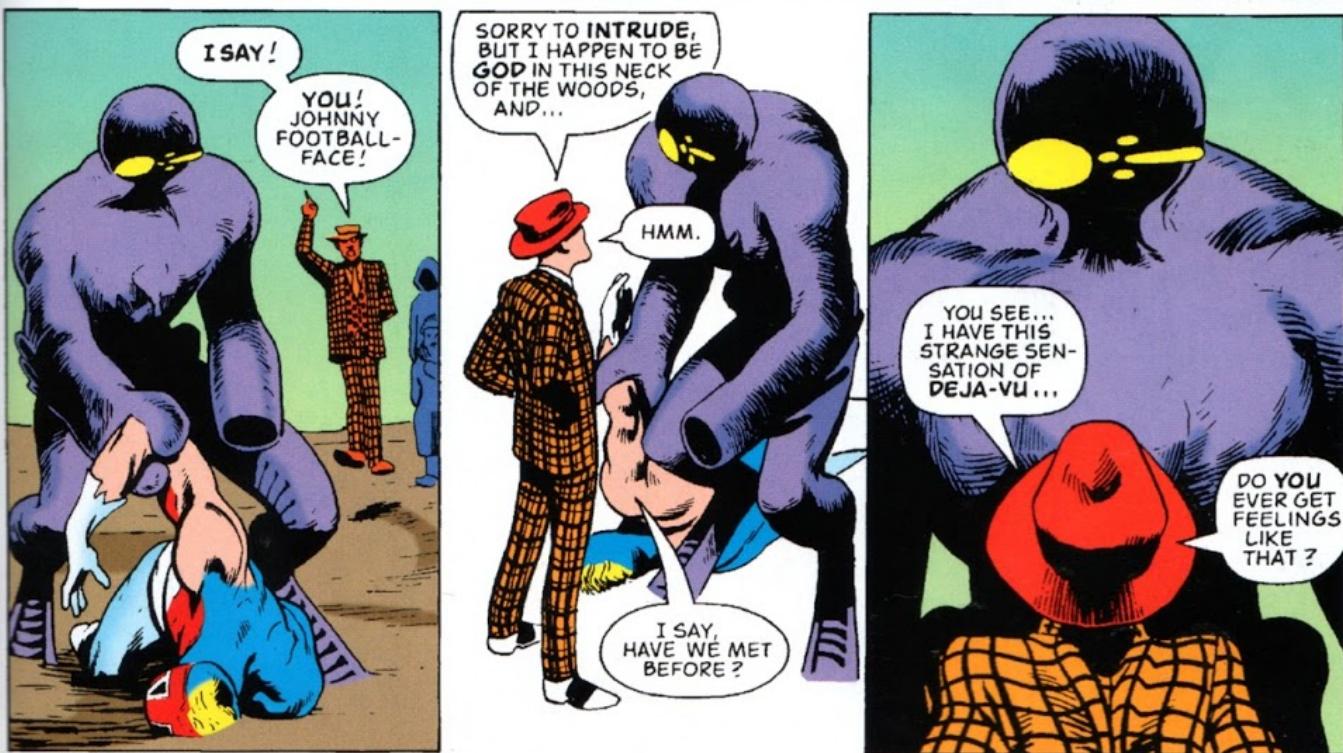


ELSEWHERE, A CROOKED GOD REVIEWS HIS PARADISE OF RUINS. HE FEELS SO ANGRY THAT HE WANTS TO GO TO SLEEP.



HE IS LONELY, BUT HE IS ALSO GOD...





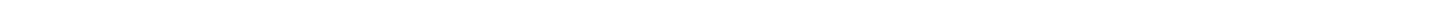


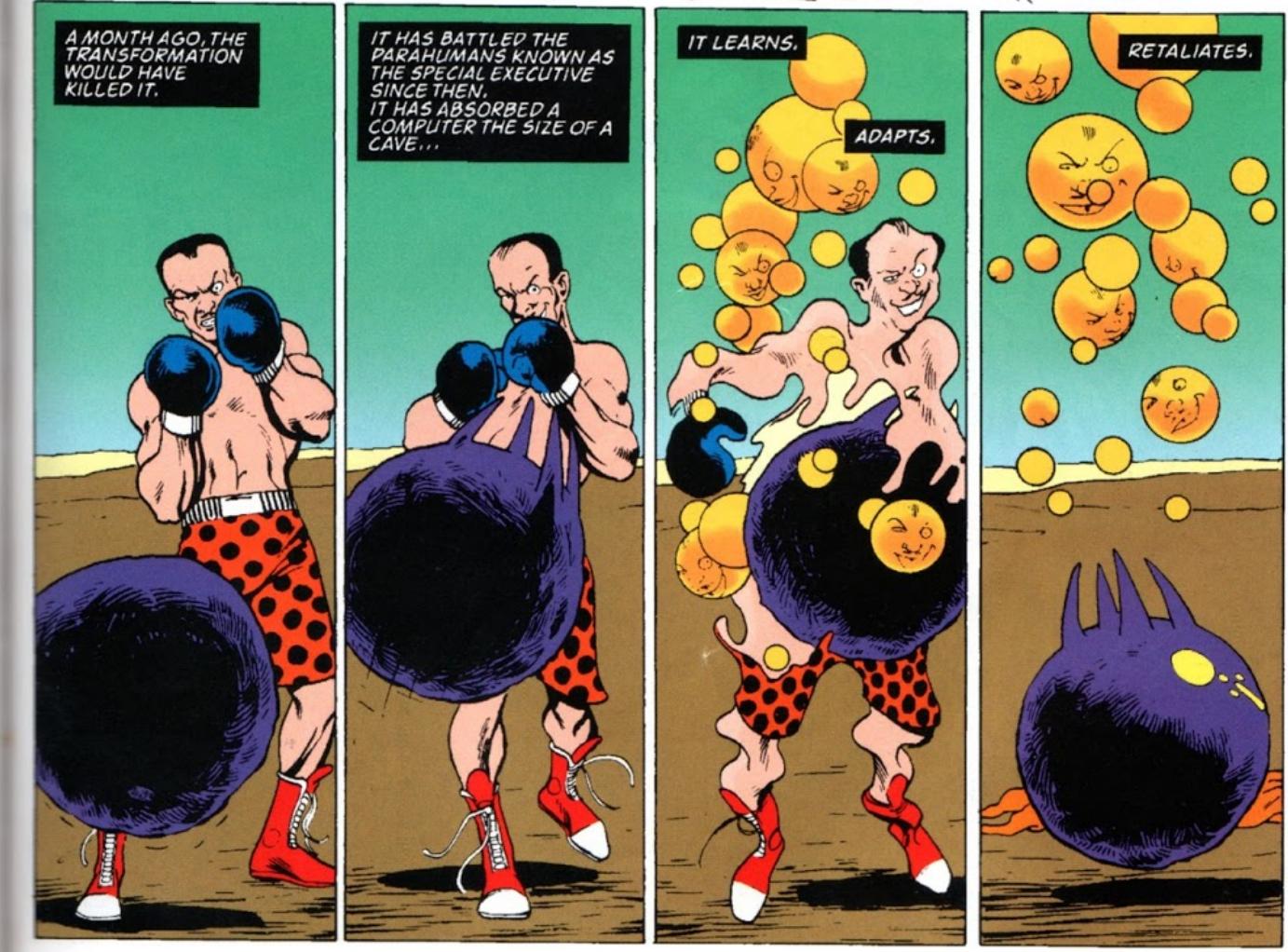
HE HAD CREATED IT
TO DESTROY EVERY
SUPERBEING IN ITS
CONTINUUM...

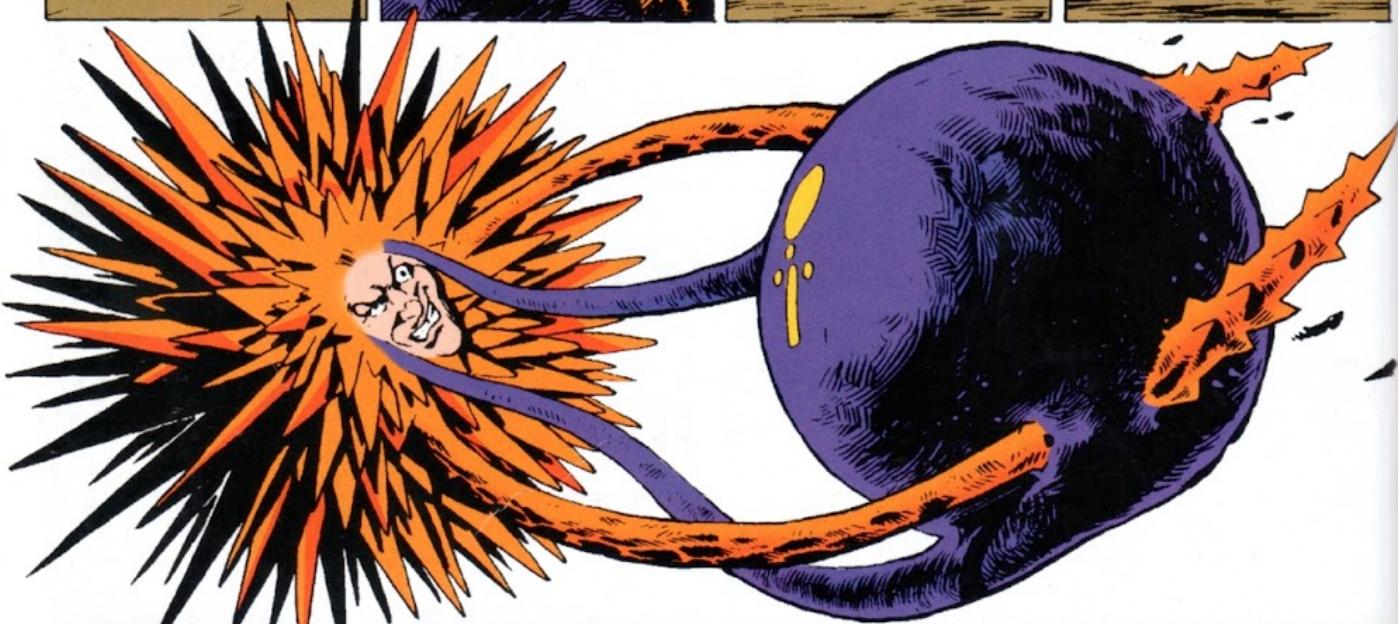
...EXCEPT JASPER'S HIMSELF.



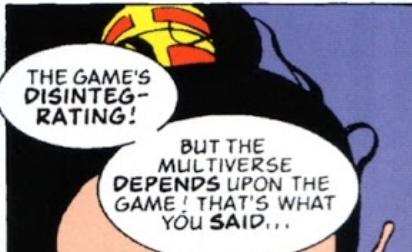
IT HAD WANTED TO KILL
JASPER'S, BUT ITS PRO-
GRAMMING SAID NO.







ELSEWHERE...





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AMIDST THE FUSED AND SHIFTING RUINS OF THE WORLD, THE MONSTERS BATTLE.



CAPTAIN

BRITAIN



SWITCH.

SWITCH.

THE OCEAN BED.

SWITCH.

THE SURFACE OF THE SUN.



THEY ARE ON THE MOON.

IT EXTENDS ROOTS DEEP
INTO THE GREY DUST TO
ACT AS GRAVITY ANCHORS.
THE BLISTER ON ITS
CHEST BURSTS, SPEWING
OUT LIQUID NITROGEN...

IT INCREASES THE PRESSURE
WITHIN ITS BODY TO
MATCH THAT OUTSIDE. IT
GROWS AN EXTRA NERVOUS
SYSTEM TO COPE WITH THE
DATA-LOAD. QUILLS RIP ITS
FLESH. IT ABSORBS THEM...

IF IT HAD NOT RECENTLY
ASSIMILATED A LARGE
COMPUTER IT WOULD,
PERHAPS, BE DEAD BY
NOW. IT REFLECTS ON
THIS AS IT ADJUSTS
ITS MOLECULAR
STRUCTURE.

SWITCH.

IT HAS PASSED THROUGH
SUCH A NON-PLACE RECENTLY,
ON THE WAY TO THIS WORLD

THE JASPER-THING



UN-SPACE.

WHERE THERE IS
NOTHING...

THE SCULPTOR
OF REALITY
HAS RUN OUT
OF CLAY.



WITH CASUAL SLOWNESS, IT GRASPS HIS HEAD BETWEEN HUGE, HALF-FORMED HANDS...



...AND THEN IT GROWS A SLENDER FILAMENT CONNECTING ITS RIGHT INDEX FINGER TO ITS LEFT INDEX FINGER, PASSING THROUGH THE CRANIAL OF THE JASPER-THING...



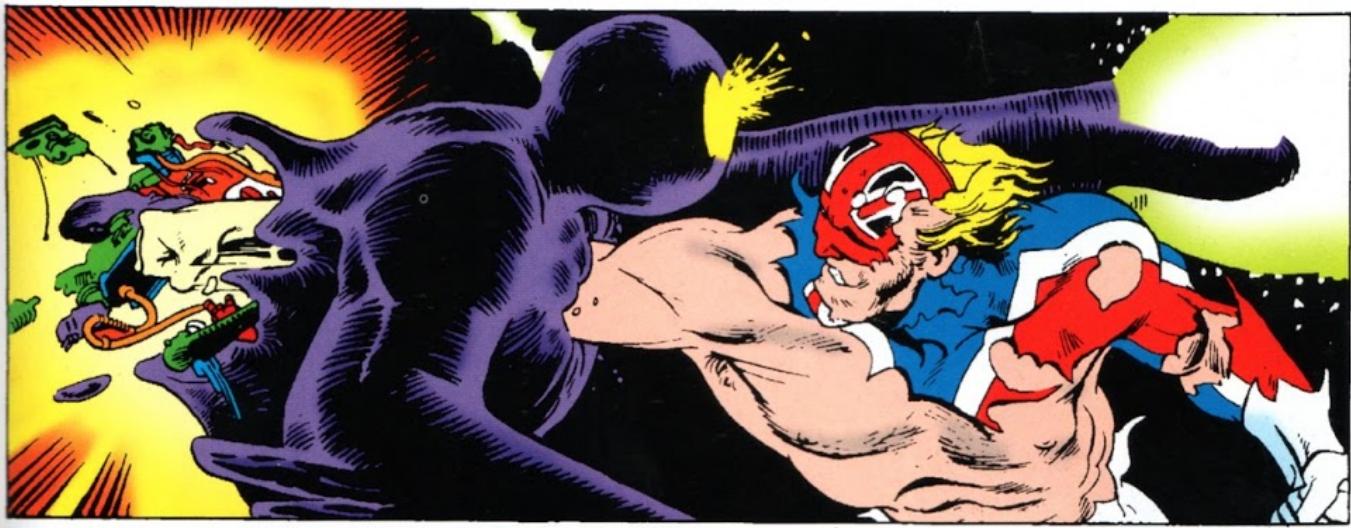
NOTHING
AT ALL.

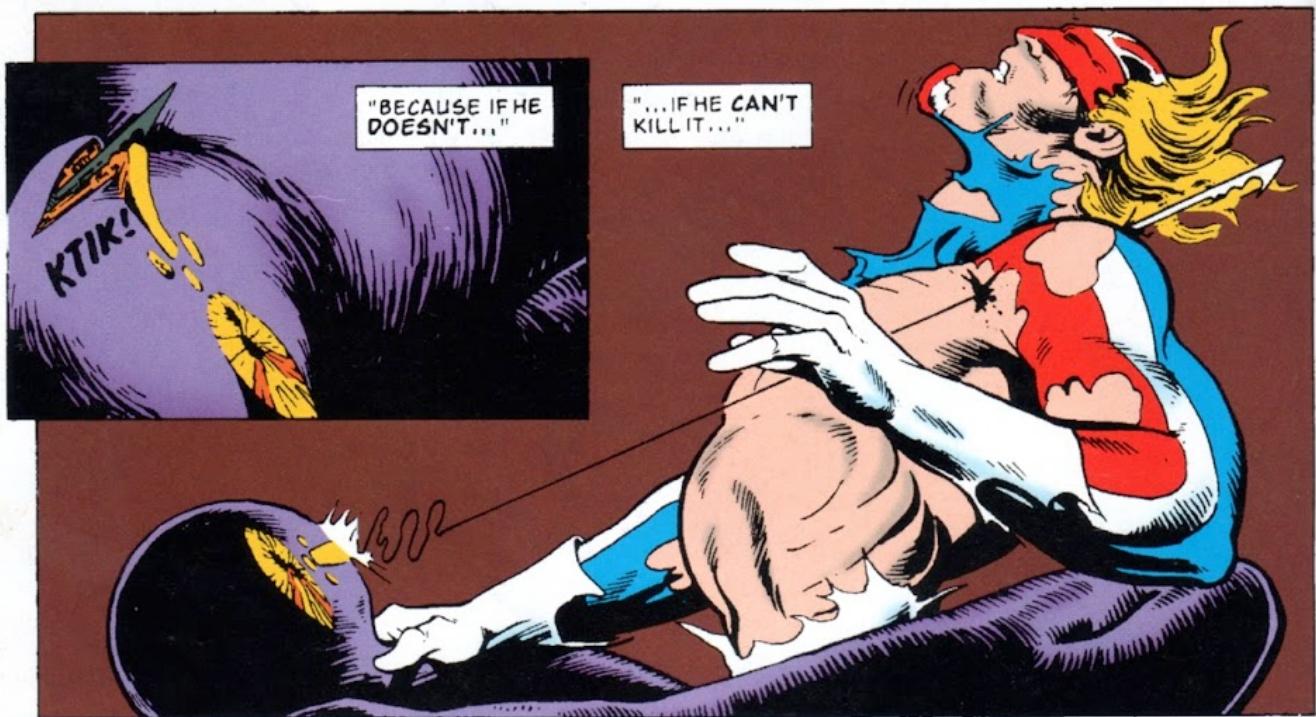
THIS IS HOW
IT ENDS:

SWITCH.













... AND SHE SCREAMS
AND SHE RIPS AND SHE
GOUGES AND SCREAMS.
AND THE BLACK STUFF,
THE FEAR, THE POISON
HATRED, IT ALL COMES
SCREECHING UP OUT
OF HER THROAT AT
ONCE...

STEEL FINGERS SINK-
ING THROUGH RANCID
PURPLE FLESH, SHE
GRASPS ITS SPINE
AND BEGINS TO PULL...

IT STARTS TO
SHRIEK...

... AND
GIVES UP.

SHE IS CRYING, SHE
IS HOWLING, EVERY
FOUL WORD, EVERY
CURSE SHE CAN
REMEMBER...

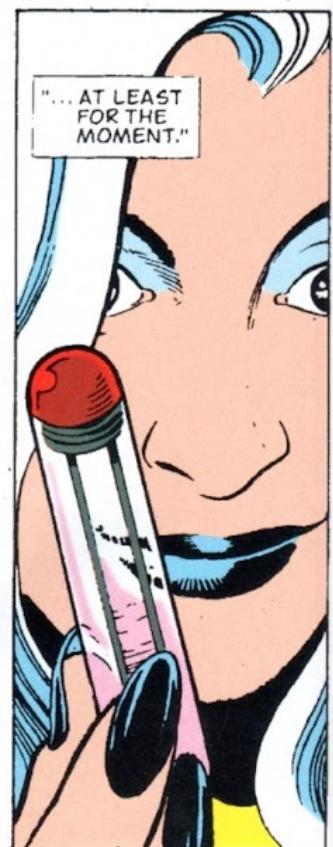
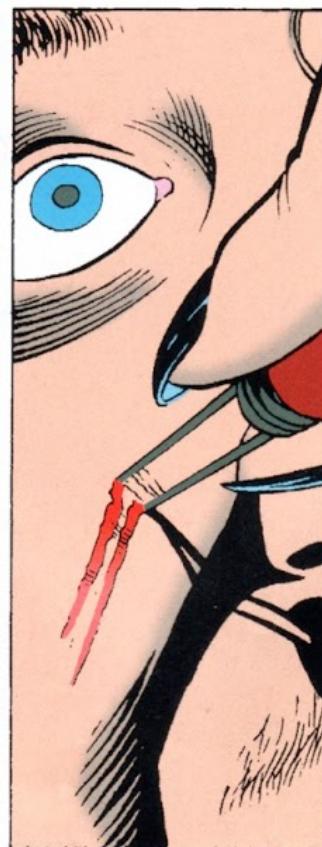
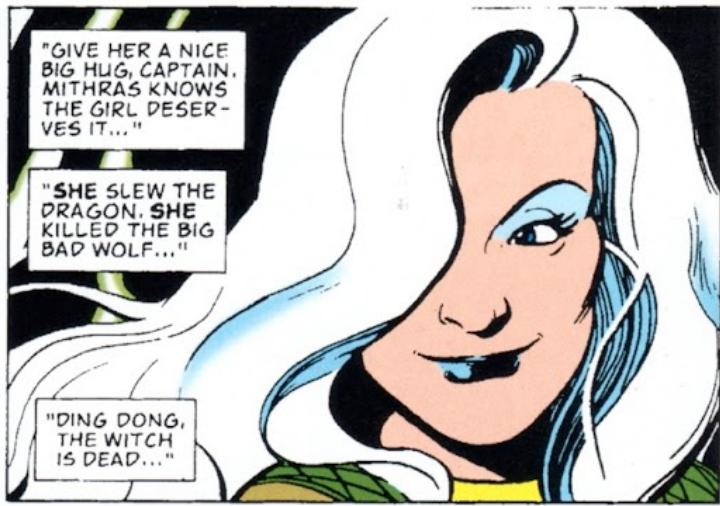
... AND FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN ITS EXISTENCE,
UNDERSTANDS THE
CONCEPTION OF
ANNIHILATION.

LINDA...

IT'S
DEAD,
LINDA.

IT'S
BEEN DEAD
FOR TEN
MINUTES.

YOU
KILLED
IT.







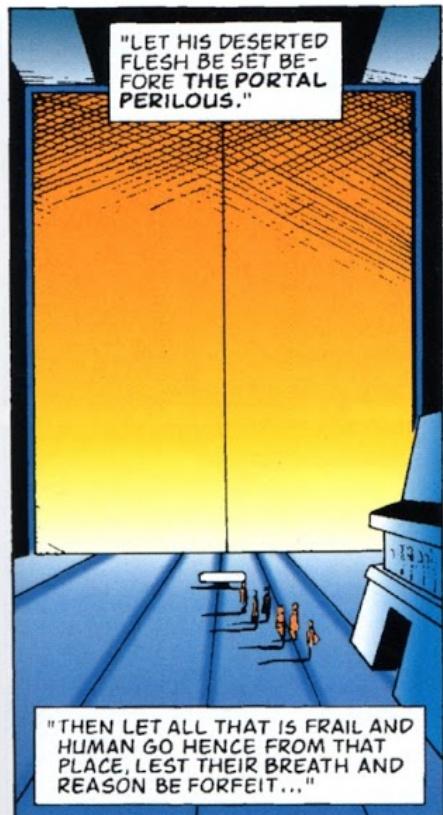


CAPTAIN BRITAIN

ALAN MOORE & ALAN DAVIS
-CO-CREATORS
S. CRADDOCK
-LETTERER
CHRIS GILL
-EDITOR



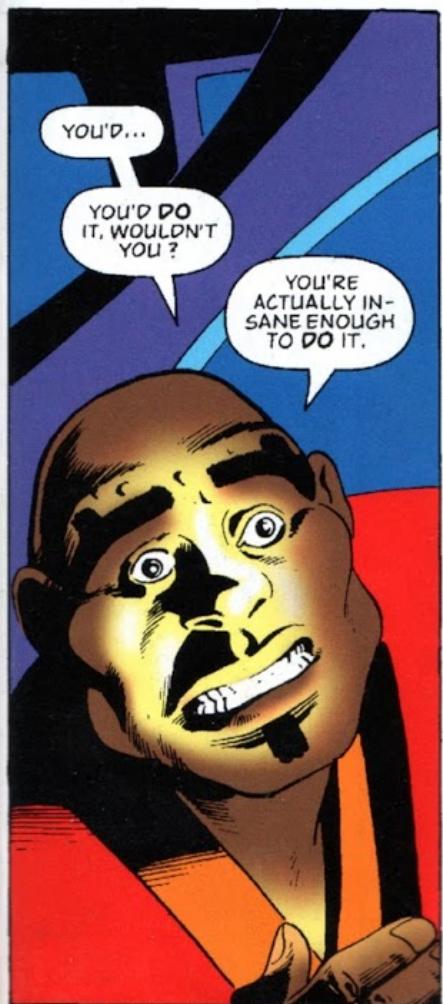
a
funeral on
Otherworld

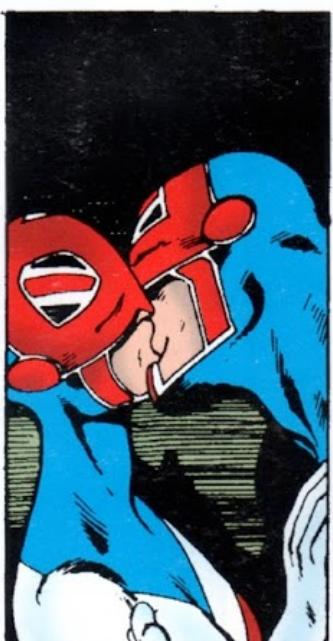














NEVER
THE END.

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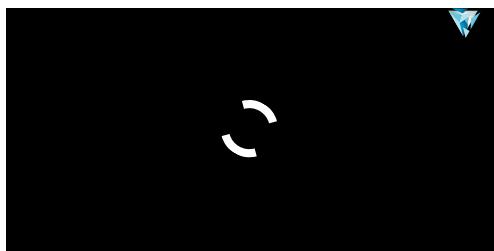
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I love this for all sorts of reasons; but perhaps the most poignant is it's old, (before he got so pompous and pretentious,) classic Alan Moore storytelling; a damn good yarn told with flair and enthusiasm, that rollicks along and carries the reader with it + Alan Davis drawing it.

I forgotten how good this, by now quite old stuff actually is.

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